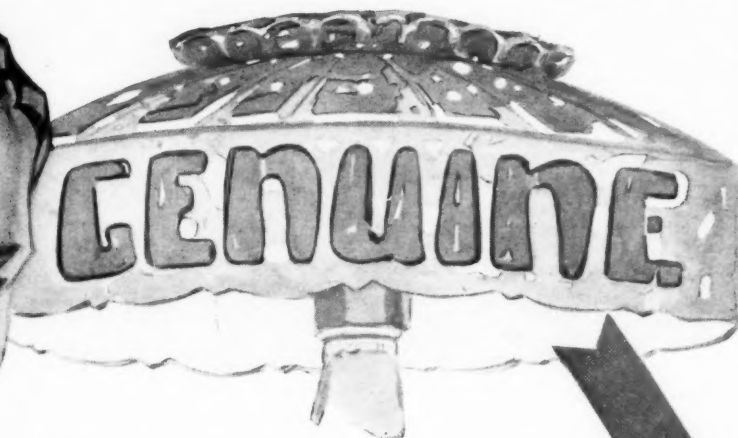




SUMMER JOYS



Ask the Soda Man—he'll
tell you the crowd drinks

Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

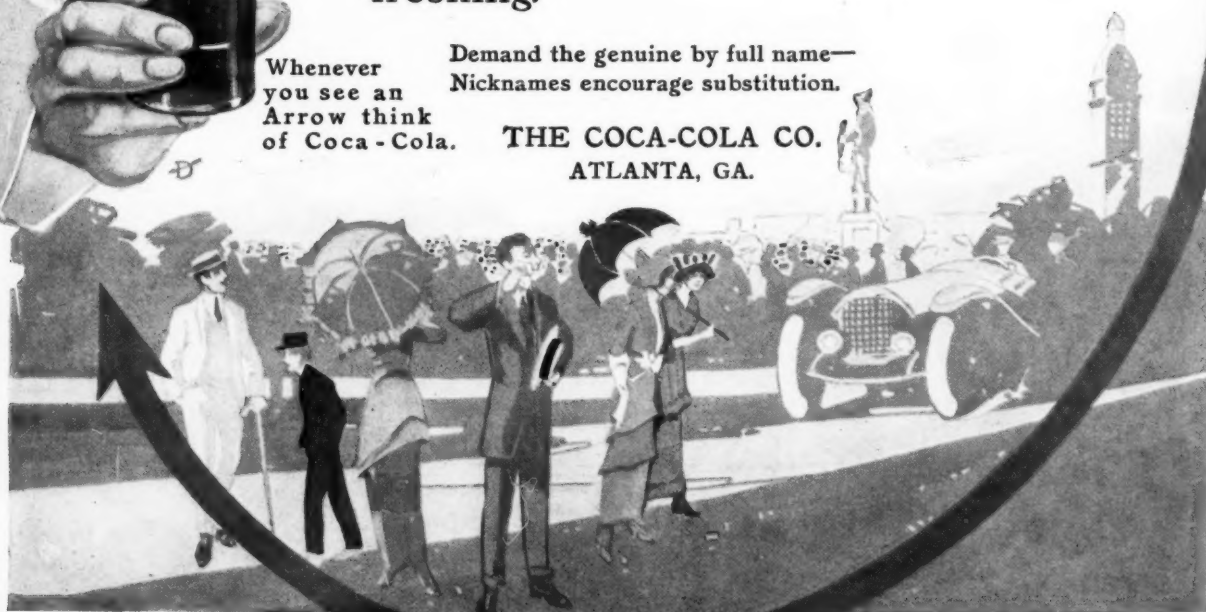


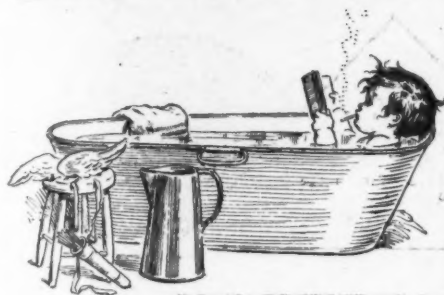
The drink with dash—vim—vigor
and go to it. The thirsty one's one
best beverage. Delicious and re-
freshing.

Whenever
you see an
Arrow think
of Coca-Cola.

Demand the genuine by full name—
Nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.
ATLANTA, GA.





ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST SUMMER
RESORTS

Diversion Wanted

WANTED—Diversion and some way to rest up. I am so tired when night comes that I don't know what to do with myself. I simply must have some light recreative amusement that makes no demand upon my mental and physical resources. Am sick to death of those terrible musical comedies which are supposed to be produced for my special benefit. Thought I was going to find solace in the "movies", but for the most part they are too primitively blood-and-thunder. Dancing is too strenuous for steady use. There is no fun in eating and drinking in those deadly hotels and cafés, which are all built on the same plan of high prices for poor food and small comforts. And as for cabarets, I am getting so I shriek with horror at the very thought of them. Anyone who can think of just the right thing will be conferring a great boon. Address Tired Business Man, General Delivery.

The BILTMORE
NEW YORK
America's Latest and Most Refined and New York's Centermost Hotel

Only hotel occupying an entire city block. Vanderbilt and Madison Aves., 43d and 44th Sts., adjoining Grand Central Terminal

1000 rooms; 950 with bath—Room rates from \$2.50 per day. Suites from 2 to 15 rooms for permanent occupancy. Large and small ball, banquet and dining salons and suites specially arranged for public or private functions.

Gustav Baumann, Pres.
John McE. Bowman Vice-Pres.

CLARK'S ORIENT CRUISE

"Rotterdam" 24,170 tons; 17th annual. Feb. 14; 63 days \$400 up, including shore excursions. F. C. CLARK, Times Bldg., N. Y.

Health Is All Important

Dare you endanger it by taking impure food into your stomach? Pure beer is pure food.

Light starts decay even in pure beer, causing a disagreeable odor and a skunky taste.

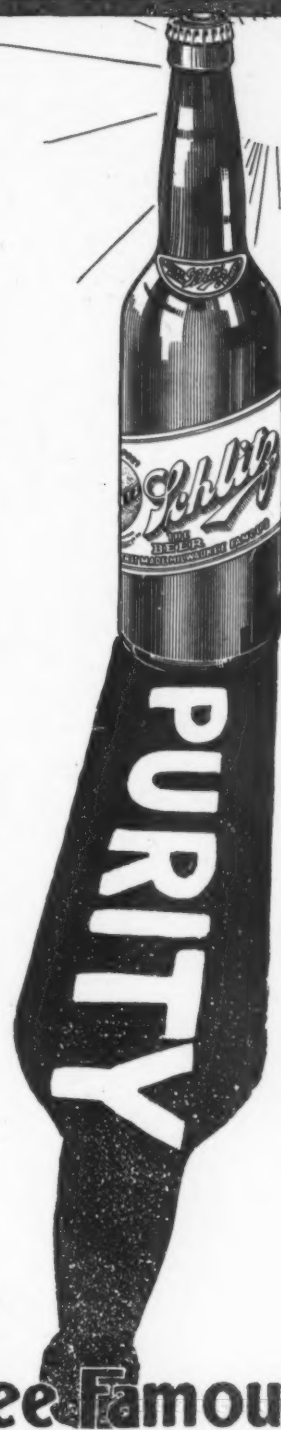
The light bottle is insufficient protection.

Schlitz is made pure and the Brown Bottle keeps it pure from the brewery to your glass.

See that Crown is branded "Schlitz"

Order a Case Today

Schlitz
The Beer
That Made Milwaukee Famous.



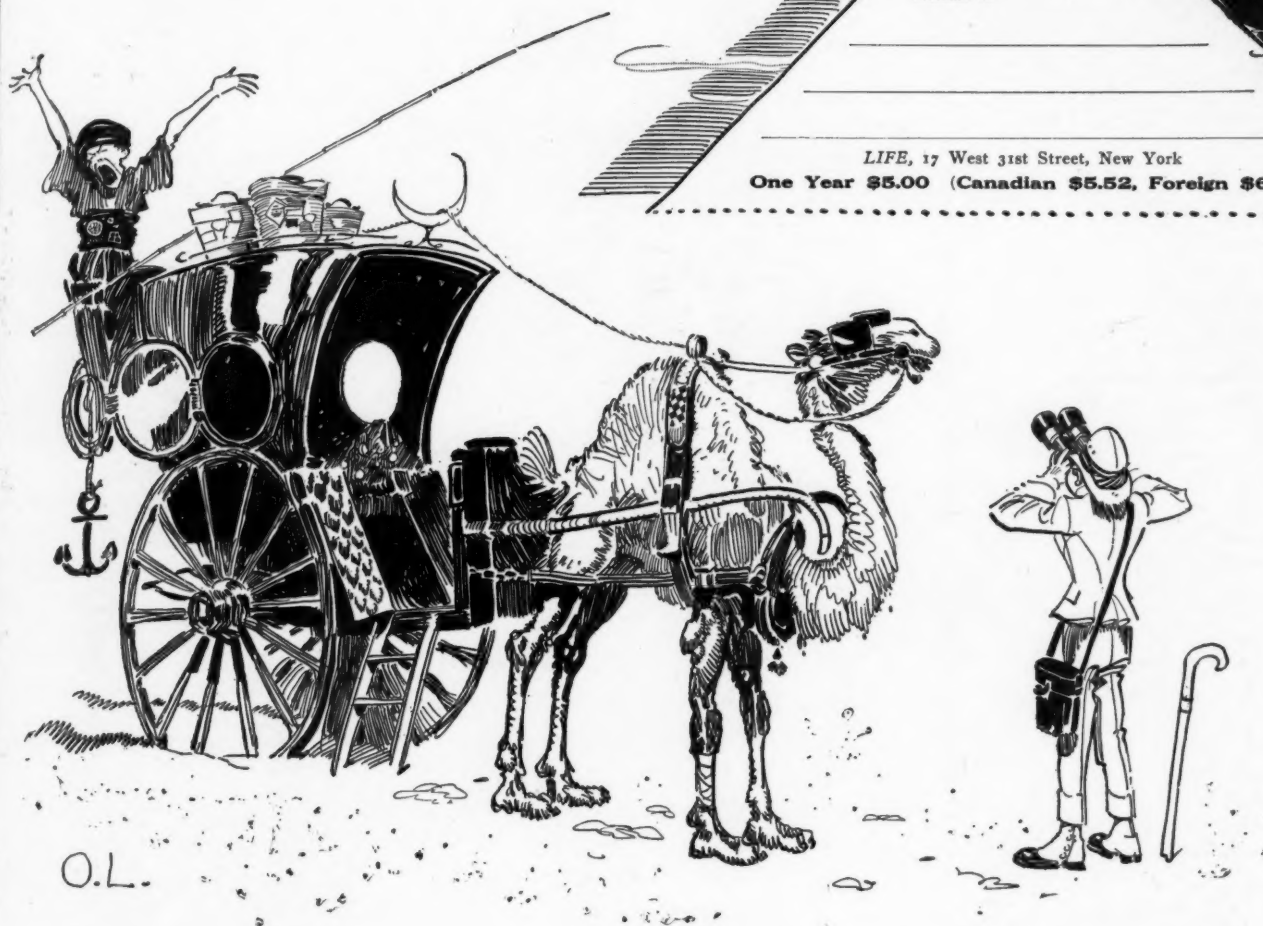
That Nobel Peace Prize

THE ways of the trustees of the Nobel prize fund must, we suppose, be more or less inscrutable, but it would be interesting to discover by what method of logic they have succeeded in overlooking Mr. Norman Angell in bestowing the peace prize. Of the different groups interested in peace, the Nobel trustees alone seem to be unaware of his existence and his work. While everyone else was uttering abstract, sentimental and moral pleas for peace, Mr. Angell published a book, "The Great Illusion", explaining why war is unprofitable, not only to the losing nation, but to the winning nation as well. We had suspected this before, but this book made a clear exposition of the matter and has already been translated into more than twenty different languages. Maybe they are going to save up and give him several prizes at once.

E. O. J.

Special Offer
Enclosed
find One Dol-
lar (Canadian
\$1.13, Foreign \$1.26).
Send LIFE for three
months to

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York
One Year \$5.00 (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04) 59



TRAVELER: I guess old Cheops would give more than a dollar now for three months of Life.

LOCALS

Ye Golf Number is approaching. 'Twill be here in ye second week from ye present dayte.

Our ad. man who writes this seductive page had a pleasant two

weeks' vacation, and feeleth much refreshed.

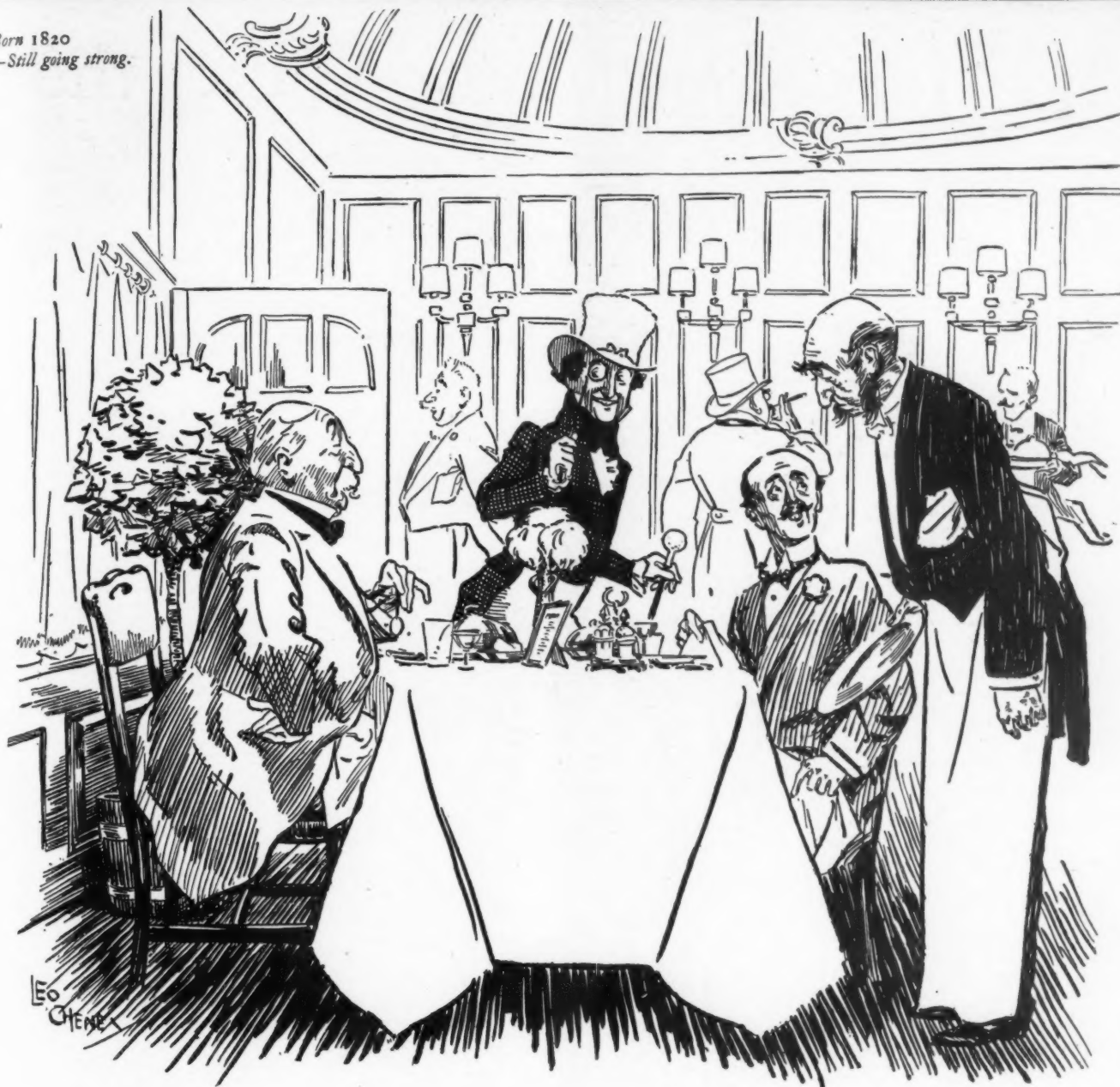
Our subn. dept. reports sales pick- ing up for fall trade.

O. L., who did picture on this

page, dropped in on Thursday.

The new edition of the Miniature Life, Number Three, will be two hundred and fifty thousand, Ready early in the Autumn.

Born 1820
—Still going strong.



Mr. Unsophisticated (to waiter): "SCOTCH WHISKY, PLEASE."

Mr. Wiseman: "MY DEAR FELLOW, NEVER SAY THAT. THE MAN WHO SIMPLY ORDERS 'WHISKY' DESERVES WHAT HE GETS - BUT THE MAN WHO ORDERS 'JOHNNIE WALKER' IN THE NON-REFILLABLE BOTTLE GETS WHAT HE DESERVES."

The knowing ones have learnt to say "Johnnie Walker" instead of Scotch whisky—that's much the safest, but when you add "in the tamper-proof bottle please," mortal man can do no more. Every drop of "Johnnie Walker" Red Label Scotch whisky is over 10 years old.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

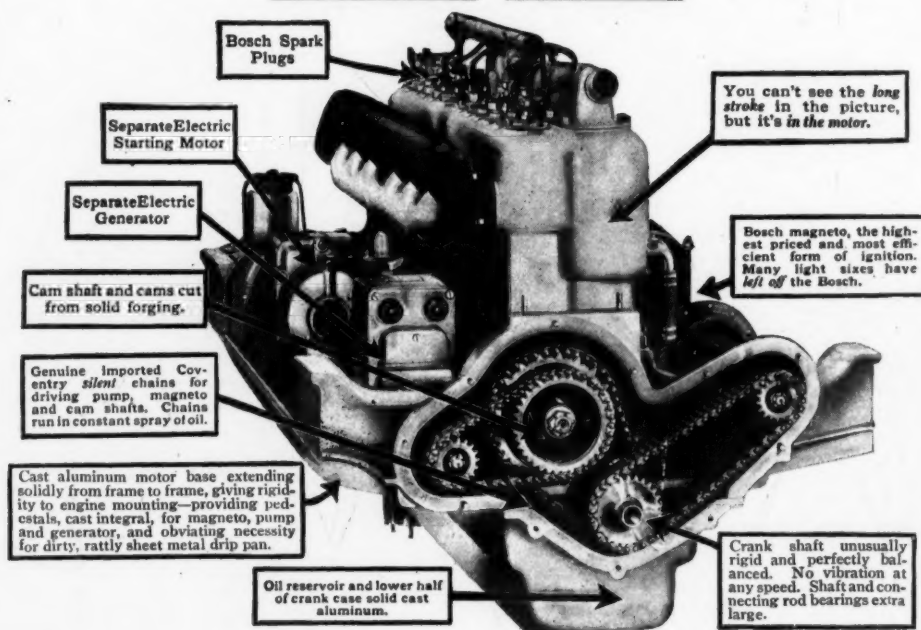
Agents: WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, 1158 Broadway, NEW YORK.

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

Its Marvelous Motor Makes the **CHANDLER \$1595**

LIGHT-WEIGHT SIX

A Really Great Automobile



Other Chandler Motor Features:

Oiling system completely contained within the motor. No outside piping. Oil pumped from main reservoir into reservoirs above all main bearings, into chain compartment and thence into every working part. Individual oil trough under each connecting rod. Fly wheel completely enclosed. Instant accessibility of all parts. Cylinders and water heads finished in pearl gray baked enamel with aluminum and nickel fittings.

The Chandler weighs only 2885 lbs., fully equipped. It runs 16 miles or more per gallon of gasoline, 700 miles per gallon of oil, and 7000 miles per set of tires. Speed, 3 to 55 miles per hour on high. Climbs every famous demonstrating hill in America on high. Possesses every high-grade feature found on high-priced sixes.

MAYBE you have had in mind two or three cars, some one of which you planned to buy this summer.

Now what was it that led you to set aside for later decision these two or three cars? Was it the large number of them you see on the street? Was it the story of tremendous production? Was it the shape of the hood and the lines of the body? Was it the upholstery and finish?

The Chandler has *all* these qualities. There is no car more graceful, more beautiful in design. None at anything like its price that is more handsomely upholstered and finished. But, *beyond* these qualities, it has a *marvelous* motor that you cannot get in any other car.

What makes a car a source of real pride, or perhaps of annoyance? The motor! Consider the *motor* first, then, in choosing your car.

Consider the *Chandler* motor. Chandler owners all say it is a really marvelous motor. Chandler dealers all say the same. Engineering authorities say the same.

And—this is important—it is the *exclusive* Chandler design and Chandler make. It is not a common stock design motor found in *different* makes of cars. You cannot get it in any other car.

We have been building six-cylinder cars and six-cylinder *motors* for eight years. We know six-cylinder construction. Isn't it only reasonable that knowing how to build six-cylinder *motors*, we should also know how to build the *rest* of our car equally well?

The answer is found in this: We have built Chandler reputation and success to a point demanding annual production of *thousands* of cars, and not a single mechanical weakness has developed in this car. Not a word but of praise has been heard of the comfort and *roadability* of the Chandler, and the beauty of its design and finish.

The Chandler pioneered the way in the light six field. It proved that a high-grade six of moderate size could be built to sell for less than \$2000.

A whole host of light sixes followed. More are following now. And still they come.

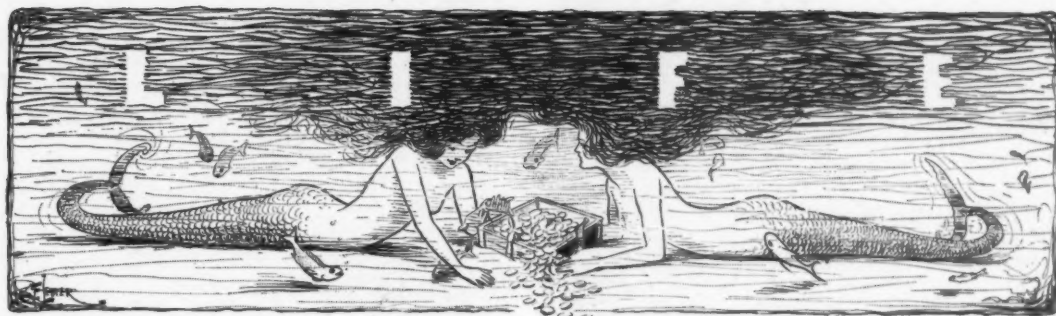
But what of the *motors*? How many are the builders' exclusive design?

The Chandler has made good everywhere. And because, first of all, under the hood there is a marvelous motor.

The profit-sharing price for the new 1915 models seems almost impossible but it's true. Touring car or roadster \$1595. For Fall delivery handsome limousine, sedan, coupe and cabriolet.

There is a Chandler dealer in every principal city and many smaller cities and towns. Get in touch with the one nearest to you now. Study the *exclusive* Chandler motor, give the car a genuine test, find out what other owners say of it. *Then* select your car. If you don't know your Chandler dealer write us at once for catalog and booklets, and we will try to arrange for you a thorough demonstration.

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO., 708-738 E. 131st Street, Cleveland, Ohio
New York City Office, 245 West 55th Street—Cable Address, Chanmotor



War Specials

MOTTO of an American gold piece:
"See America first."

Yesterday the balance of power—
to-morrow the balance of weakness.

This is the season for mad dogs—
including those of war.

The husbands of American girls who

have married European titles will now
have a good excuse for being away
from home over night.

"My kingdom for a merchant
marine!"

Revised Version—"Onward, Chris-
tian Soldiers, murdering as we go."

Correction—In the phrase "Man's
inhumanity to man makes countless
thousands mourn", substitute "mil-
lions" for thousands.

It must annoy a number of people to
think they cannot blame the European
war on the Democratic administration.



CAMP FOLLOWERS

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1913, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$145,183.64 and has given a fortnight in the country to 35,751 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$5,178.28
O. D. Duncan	11.72
K. T.	5.00
In memory of Marion	50.00
Muffie, Devil and Harve	5.86
Mrs. Robt. Dean	5.56
M. & C. S.	5.86
"The Girls of Camp Abena"	8.50
T. E. J.	2.00
Church-school of The Church of Christ, at Dartmouth College	10.00
Kleas en zyn makkers	20.00
R. Radcliffe Whithead	5.86
A. E. S.	15.00
E. S. Hammond	20.00
Mrs. Charles Holt	10.00
E. M. V.	5.00
"17 Battery Place"	100.00
Ileta Lee Gilmer	6.00
Florence Smith	4.50

\$5,469.14

ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Four packages containing tennis-balls, baseball bats and fencing masks, stockings and shirts from Alex. Taylor & Co., New York.

Package of hats and boys' clothing from Mrs. W. F. Stearns, Norfolk, Conn.

One bundle of clothing from Mrs. J. Lowe Young, Sutton Manor, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Box of clothing from Mrs. G. C. Stevens, Summit, N. J.

Box of clothing from Mrs. R. C. Chambers, Narragansett Pier, R. I.

A complete railroad, with engine, cars, switches, automatic signals, stations, bridges, roundhouse, many yards of track, one-half dozen trains, run either by electricity or by spring that winds up, from Charles Sherrill Webb, Greenpoint, L. I.

Bag of tennis-balls from Bronxville Athletic Association, Lawrence Park, Bronxville, N. Y.



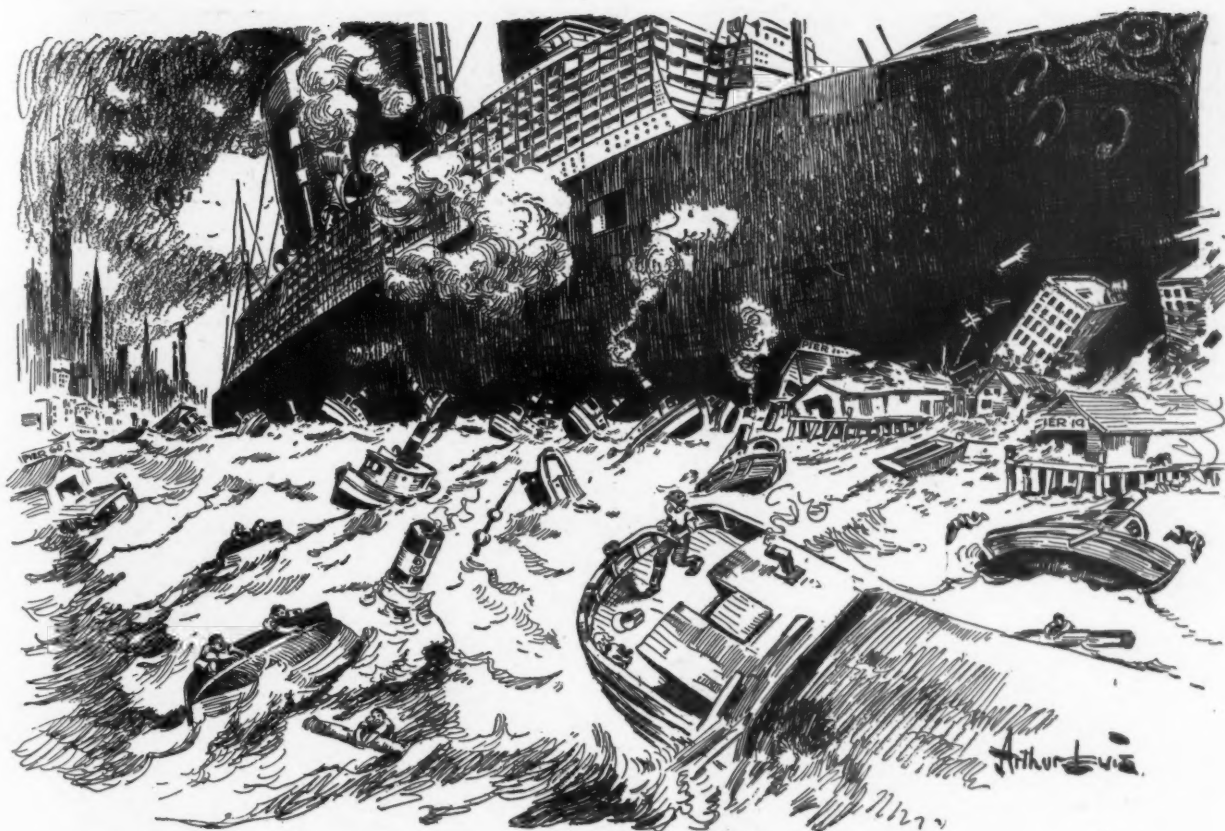
FOR THE INTER-PLANETARY CHAMPIONSHIP

The Real Thing

"ME good fellow," said the English tourist to the station lounge at Frozen Dog, Wyo., "can you tell me where I may find any red Indians and cowboys about? I came out here to see a bit of Western life."

"Wal," replied Alkali Ike, "the Oc-

cidental Film camp is three miles straight ahead, and the Vitalife outfit is on the Big Bug Creek just above the Hell's Kitchen power plant. The National Movies, Consolidated, will be here to-night with a fresh bunch of cow-punchers from New Jersey, and there's a Wild West circus coming here to-morrow to stay for the winter."



THIS AGE OF BIG THINGS
THE HAMBURGER AND SAUERKRAUT LINER MASTADONIA MAKING HER PIER

Aiming High

AT a recent meeting of the American Medical Association at Atlantic City fifteen reasons were advanced for the establishment of a national department of health. Among these perhaps the best one—from the medical standpoint—is that which states:

To influence state and city authorities to enact reform legislation in relation to health matters.

The kind and quality of legislation to be exacted would, of course, be determined by the doctors themselves. They would quite naturally not be willing to admit that anybody else is competent. If they wished to introduce a new serum they would say to the legislators: "Put this through. Make it compulsory. You cannot disprove that it is a bad thing, because you have not secured medical diplomas—which we alone can grant."

This is a beautiful system. As a system it is impregnable. To use the vulgar parlance of politicians, there is no "come back" to it.

It aims for nothing less than the direct control of the health, the liberty and the person of every American, whether male or female.



"WHAT'S THE ROW, SONNY?"
"WHY, TH' EXAMININ' DOCTORS HAVE JUST BEEN HERE AN' THAT'S A 'PHYSICAL DEFICIENT' KNOCKIN' TH' STUFFIN' OUT UV A 'PERFECT SPEC'MEN'!"



DREAMS

The Obsequies

KING BUSINESS having been declared to be dead, all the birds of prey and other notables gathered to do honor to his memory. The following conversation took place:

"Who killed King Business?"

"I," said the Senator, "with my picayune complaints and my puerile probing of reputable men. I killed King Business."

"'Twas I," said the Kicker, "with my hand on the ticker, I made his shroud, it must be allowed. I killed King Business."

Then said with a sneer, the Bond Issue, "'Tis queer how you chaps get

things wrong. 'Twas I—for a song. I killed him, go 'long! I did the deed! I croaked King Business."

At this point the Calamity Howler, the Credit System, the Tariff and a number of other mourners were about to record their claims, when suddenly King Business sat up with his old-time smile.

"Much obliged, boys," he said, "but I'm not dead yet. It was only one of those psychological trances you read about in the papers."

BLESSINGS on your income! Nowadays it is *Tax vobiscum*.



Older Brother: SPENT TWENTY CENTS IN TWO DAYS, EH? WHAT D'YE EXPECT—TEARIN' AROUND WITH WIMMIN LIKE YOU DO?



WHEN STRIPES ARE IN STYLE

Are They Jokers?

BERKMAN'S summons to the I. W. W.'s to be ready to march at Becky Edelson's funeral makes observers wonder to what extent the I. W. W.'s are doing it for fun.

Certainly Berkman is a humorous person.

The prospect of a funeral for Becky is not good. Miss Davis does not see any funeral ahead for her, and Miss Davis seems to have good discernment in such matters.

Low in the Scale

THE child-labor law in New Jersey having gone into effect, it is said that a great many parents who hitherto have depended upon the labor of their children are now at their wits' end to live. The factory owners have naturally (or unnaturally) made the most of this. They have discharged children over fourteen (the age limit) in order to intensify the distress.

This illustrates in what a bad way any State may find itself when it has come to depend upon children for the support of its working classes.



YOU NEVER CAN TELL UNTIL



YOU SEE BOTH SIDES

Future

THE Federal Commission arrived here yesterday from Washington and immediately began work. Guiseppe Cataloni, our leading barber, was the first one called.

"Have you kept other barbers from settling here, by hiring two assistants and thus creating a hirsute monopoly?"

"I have employed two assistants."

"Get along by yourself hereafter. Your assistants are hereby ordered to open establishments of their own."

Guiseppe Cataloni, having consented to this arrangement, pleading as an excuse that his two assistants were no good anyway, and he was glad to have an excuse to get rid of them, it was decided not to bring up the case before the Supreme Court.

To-morrow the Commission will consider our leading bootblack.

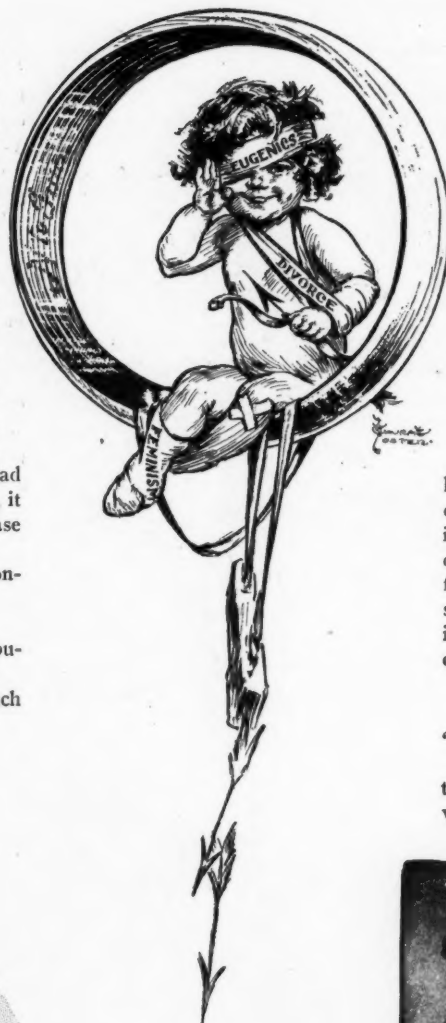
"THERE goes the editor of a popular magazine."

"Impossible! There isn't any such thing."



PAUL GOULD

PUZZLE MOTION PICTURE
WHAT IS THE NEXT MOVE?



SOMEWHAT BATTERED—BUT STILL
IN THE RING

The Lesson of Luxembourg

GERMANY'S peace pacts are "good until broken".

The time to break them is the time that Germany selects.

Why should any government put itself to the trouble to sign a peace pact with Germany or why should any government accept hereafter Germany's solemn assurance about territorial rights?

The Real Joys of Married Life

One of the sweetest memories of my married life is seeing my husband mend his own shirt.

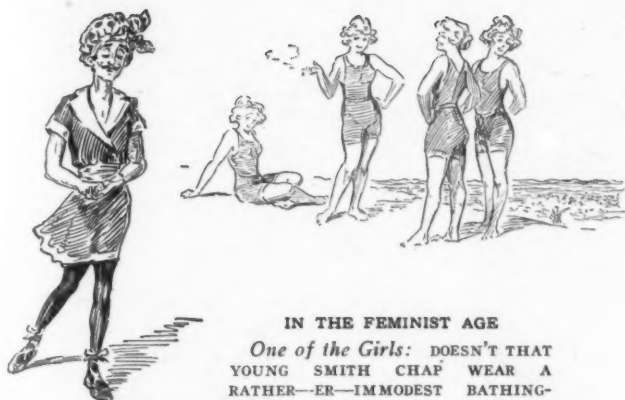
—Mrs Havelock Ellis.

THIS lady is, if we are not mistaken, the one who recently related that she and her husband lived an ideal life in separate establishments. She says they were good neighbors. While our catholic mind enables us to understand how it is possible for one with such a curtailed matrimonial existence even to enjoy the sight of one's husband mending his own shirt, think of how much more pleasure might have been hers if she had actually lived with her husband. She might have awakened at dawn on some frosty morning to be entertained by his harmonious efforts at shaking down the furnace fire. And consider what a fine joy she has missed in not having a seat in the front row while he was discharging the cook!

"ISN'T the city noisier than it was?"
"It couldn't be. The volume is the same, but there is, possibly, more variety."



AN ECLIPSE



IN THE FEMINIST AGE

One of the Girls: DOESN'T THAT
YOUNG SMITH CHAP WEAR A
RATHER—ER—IMMODEST BATHING-
SUIT?

The Failure of Labor Day

LABOR DAY will never amount to a great deal, because we shall never be able to put any enthusiasm behind it. In order to make a holiday a perfect success, we must be able to work up a semblance of a spirit around it until it appeals either to the sincerity or the hypocrisy of human-kind. On Thanksgiving we can give an excellent imitation of being thankful. On Christmas many of us take an actual delight in proving how generous we can be. On New Year's even the most weak-willed of us loves to go through the motions of inventorying his habits, good and bad, and drawing off some kind of a rough balance-sheet showing the profit and loss and the prospects. While on the Fourth of July everybody, without the slightest difficulty, lets loose and proves by an illimitable variety of noise that we are by all odds the freest nation on earth composed of ninety-odd millions of perfect patriots.

But, although we have now had Labor Day for many years, we are still unable to rally around its banner. "Labor omnia vincit" is true enough no doubt, but all of us are trying to get along with as little of it as possible. Those who toil for their daily bread and to whom the day is dedicated hardly know how to act when the day rolls around, while nobody else even tries to find out how to act. Labor Day may yet be a success, but not until we have resolved our ideas concerning it to a much higher plane.

E. O. J.

To My Subliminal Consciousness

DEAR fickle captain of my energies complete, give me a word. I want your ear for a moment just to tell you how much I regard you. This is no taffy. But anyone who can make me do the things you do, well, he's a

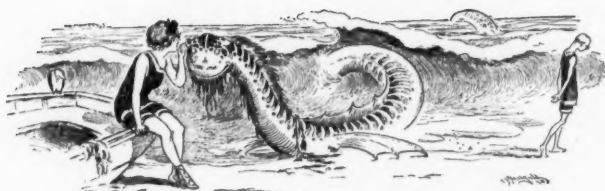
Corker! Say, old man, you couldn't let me alone for a couple of weeks, could you? Yes—you go off somewhere and have a good time. I have an idea it would do me some good to take my trick

At the helm. Besides, I want to get acquainted with myself. At present I can't tell the difference between your voice and mine. I don't know who's playing the band music and who's supplying the

Horsepower. Do you? Oh, I don't care where you go. Break away and give me a chance for my life. You won't, eh? Then prepare for the worst clubbing you ever got—take that! And that! Curses on you!



THE LADY WITH DIFFIDENT FEET



She: I LOVE HIM. CAN'T YOU GET HIM FOR ME?

The Worst People

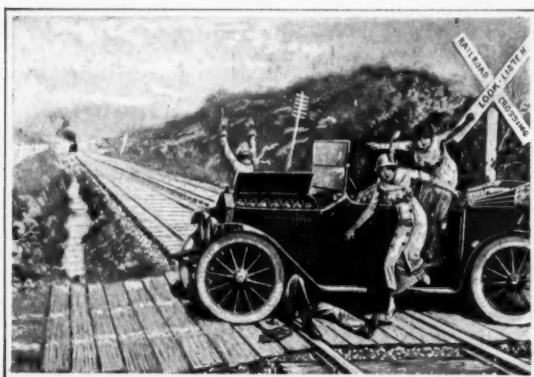
(With Due Apologies to E. S. M.)

HEAD WAITERS—These gentry may have concealed virtues somewhere, but I have been unable to find them. Their principal occupation, so far as I have been able to determine, is to keep me from sitting down at the table I covet, while reserving it for some wealthy snob not fit for an intellectual person like myself to associate with.

Surface-Line Superintendents—No one has ever seen one of these individuals. His main occupation is to conceal himself in the center of a lot of red tape and machinery, while constantly devising new ways and means to hoodwink and insult the public and make them generally as uncomfortable as possible.

Next-Door Neighbors—A species of animal whose children, dogs and chickens infest your premises; who comes home at two in the morning and fires off his auto under the window of your sleeping chamber; who borrows your books, your butter and your pet step-ladder; who inveigles your servants to leave; who retails your secret weaknesses to the rest of the neighborhood, and whom you have been instructed to love as yourself.

Actors—There is a reasonable and just sense in which all actors are offensive, some of them being more so than others in proportion to their talent. They see everything



TIME AND PLACE



"I DON'T WISH THIS GUY ANY HARM, BUT I HOPES HE GETS A PUNCTURE."

through their own environment, which in itself is enough of a vice; but to make matters still worse, they insist upon everyone else doing the same.

Political Economists—That the number of these creatures is increasing is undoubtedly a fact. That no two of them ever agree is another fact. That our government is constantly becoming more extravagant in its expenditures—or shall we say in proportion to the increasing number of political economies published?—is no apparent detriment to their propagation. Knowing no reason, like the green bay-tree, they continue to wax and flourish.

Printers—There are some people so misled as to claim that the race of printers is growing better; but, then, some people are willing to believe anything. I cannot do justice to printers. I know them too well. When I think of all the calm lies they have told me about having certain jobs ready at a certain time, words fail me. I am certain that every printer makes a point once in his life to ruin some human being by making a typographical error.



Near-sighted Amateur: MY! HOW NEAR THIS TELESCOPE ARRANGEMENT MAKES HIM LOOK!

Courses in Fallacy



OVERBURDENED millionaires in search of purifying outlets for their excess possessions could do much worse than to endow chairs of fallacy in our universities. One doesn't have to be any higher in the scale of animal life than an awe-struck freshman to know that our universities, like the surrounding world of which they are microcosmic, are sorely beset with fallacies.

The trouble is that there is no effort to attack these fallacies in a scientific manner and dispose of them. Under the present scheme of things it is bad taste, not to say disreputable, to mention them above a whisper. It is one of those everybody's businesses which is nobody's business. Nobody has the authority. If students should take it up, they would be irreverent towards their professors; if the professors should take it up, they would be irreverent towards their most efficient money-

gathering president, and if the money-gathering president should take it up, he would be irreverent towards those timid capitalists whose munificent endowments make the curriculum go round.

But if we had Departments of Fallacy, duly authorized and organized, and in charge of expert Professors of Fallacy, it would be their business to unearth fallacies wherever they existed, both in and out of the curriculum. The fame of such a professor with his always interested band of students—and it would easily be the most popular course in college—would vary directly with their ability to revitalize the dry bones of inherited educational and economic irrationalities and to show us just exactly where and how we are getting the least return for the greatest expenditure of energy, time and money. Is any millionaire equal to the monumental importance of this educational step?

E. O. J.



AUGUST 20, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 64
No. 1660

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Brema Bldgs., London, E. C.



ARE the Germans intelligent?

Of course some of them are. Individuals of every pattern are intelligent. But the

Germans who have managed Germany for the last sixty years; who believe, as Bismarck did, in blood and iron; who have made of Germany such a wonderful machine, have made her strong and rich and masterful, and are so intensely bent on securing for her all that may be coming to her—what of them? Are they intelligent now?

Everybody seems to feel that Germany might have stopped the war that Austria had started if she had really wanted to. Not on old Franz Josef, but on William the Prussian, is laid the responsibility for this war. The belief is that the management of Germany was ready for more of the great blood-and-iron tonic, and let the war come, and probably even encouraged Austria to light the fuse.

It looks so.

"This time France must be finished so that she will make us no more trouble." That sentiment, frankly expressed by some of the German managers, is part of the formidable German motive, and along with it goes imperial, world-gobbling purposes that it needs a large map even to discuss.

Was it intelligent of the German management to want to finish France? Between individual Frenchmen and individual Germans there is not much ill will. They can get on together perfectly if conditions are favorable. The chief trouble between France and

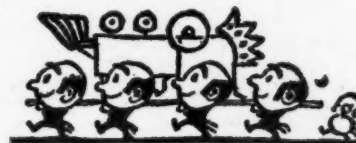
Germany since '71 has been Alsace and Lorraine, captured by Bismarck and dragged away over the French border. France must be finished because Bismarck carried her beloved provinces off to his political harem, and she will go after them the first good chance.



BUT nobody but the German management wants France to be "finished". England, Russia, Italy, these States, all the rest of us, prefer France in the unfinished French state as heretofore. We want no German jailers in charge of her, no German flavors in her honorable dishes, no German admixture in her architecture. We do not want any made-in-Germany France. No, no, not any!

It is not popular, this idea of "finishing" France. France is too valuable to be "finished". For one thing, she is charming. For another, she is a laboratory of civilization where experiments are made in government, in religion and irreligion, in cooking, in art, in the regulation of the affections, in everything. Of course, to finish her is the idea not of the German people but of the German management. The German people would not gain a lap by finishing France. They probably prefer variety in the world, as the rest of us do, and like the picture better with France left French. But the German management is a different affair. It is no more a free agent than

a locomotive engine. It has to run on the rails that have been laid down for it by Bismarck and the engineers before and since. It has got to hang onto Alsace and Lorraine, and get all it can wherever it can get it, and stick to blood and iron, and load up with armament, and plot to swallow Holland, and plot to swallow Denmark and Belgium, and plot a German pathway to the Mediterranean, and paint the map of the world the German color to the last possible peninsula and cape. The management is free only to acquire. It may not be merciful; it may not be generous; it may not even keep its word if its "interest" conflicts with it. It may only be greedy and grab and rise up early to keep what it gets.



IT sounds like the story of the New Haven Railroad over again, doesn't it? Can it be that the Kaiser is the Charles S. Mellen of Germany? They say France has only one joke; certainly autocracy has only one story. Live and let live seems to be a necessary rule of life, but it is a rule that autocracies can never keep. Their interests will always conflict with the let-live end of it; their existence is too precarious to risk a competition of strong neighbors; they must be, and take thought always to keep on being, the great trusts that are so strong that nothing can touch them, and that are able at any time to swallow anyone that is inconveniently active in the same business. It is the old story again that the chain that binds the slave binds the master. Autocrats are no more free than autocratized people. There is a "must" for Hapsburgs, a "must" for Hohenzollerns, and they must do it or quit.

However, autocracy is a process. Some things are accomplished by it that could hardly come otherwise. Diaz was a process; Standard Oil has been a process; Mr. Morgan was a great process in some respects, and the German Empire could hardly have been organized in a mass-meeting. The



"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG"

empire was all right enough—a going concern of great efficiency and one of the leading assets of civilization. The German people are very valuable folks; nobody doubts it. But is their management up to the date? Is it intelligent with a current and contemporaneous intelligence, or is it driving along unadjusted to its generation?



THAT seems to be the great question whereof these great war movies now proceeding may have the answer coming in their films. The Germans are intelligent. In spite of the large detachment of intelligence from that

country for the benefit of this one that followed 1848, there is plenty left. They are able and they are well trained. They will not like to tip out their board of directors and discharge their hereditary manager, the genial and exemplary William Hohenzollern. He is a good man of the kind and liked and respected. But if he is out of date what can they do? If Germany is a mere Hohenzollern asset the creditors may get it, but if Hohenzollerns are a mere liability of Germany they can be discharged.

That is where France has the best of it. She fired her hereditary manager along about 1793, and has never had one since for long at a time, and since 1871 committees of her stockholders have run her business, and done fairly well.



NEVER was anything so interesting as this war. They say that England may run out of news paper. Appalling! Any live person hereabouts would rather give up food than newspapers. The *Evening Sun* declares that, regard being had to the means of transmitting the news, the week ending August 6th was "the most interesting seven days any generation of man has lived through". Very likely; and the second act in the great drama may make the first act seem tame.

We are getting the climax of materialism. One recalls reading lately with amusement mixed with sympathy the suggestion of Mr. R. A. Cram, reviver of the Gothic, that we are at the beginning of a new five-hundred-year period in which what we call "modern civilization", dating roughly from the fall of Constantinople in 1453, "will dissolve and disappear as completely as the Roman Empire vanished at the first node after the birth of Christ". And, then, Mr. Cram suggested, we will get back the best of what was in "the great Christian Middle Ages".

This idea seemed interesting though fantastic, but nothing seems fantastic any more, and it is "a leading banker" whom a newspaper quotes as saying, anent the collapse of the mechanism of exchange:

We have been building up this delicate fabric for hundreds of years and we thought that it was in perfect working order and was sufficient to stand up under any contingencies. But it has broken down in a night and the world plunged into a condition like that prevailing in the Middle Ages.

The world may not be going all the way with Mr. Cram, but it has made quite a lurch in his direction.



THERE has been universal sympathy for the President in the death of his wife, a lady who had borne herself in the White House in a manner to command everybody's respect.



LEADING CITIZENS

Humor and Seriousness

IT is not enough to have a sense of humor; one must also have a sense of seriousness. Most people have either one or the other. A proper combination of both is rare.

Some people think they have a sense

of humor when they haven't. This, however, is as good as actually having it, so far as they are concerned, because nobody ever succeeds in convincing them that they haven't it.

Most people have a sense of seriousness, but for some reason dislike to admit it.

"Me serious?" exclaims the confirmed pessimist. "Never! If there is one thing——"

Misdirected Liberality

IT was a mistake for Mr. George W. Perkins to give a motorcycle to the Colonel's secretary who ran it into a tree and broke it. What Mr. Perkins should have done was to invest a little more money and give a high-powered motorcycle tandem to the Brothers Pinchot. Then, when that ran into a tree, there would be something substantial to show for it.



HAVE A CARE
DON'T BUY YOUR SERGES TOO THIN



Old Mr. Mole: NOW, I DON'T SEE WHY EVERYONE HAS TO GET SO
EXCITED JUST BECAUSE I HAPPEN TO COME DOWN MAIN STREET



MARY LANE McMILLAN

WEATHER FORECAST

In This Vicinity, Warmer and Unsettled During the Next Thirty-six Hours

The Best Way

THE other day one of our ministers to Greece expressed his opinion about affairs in Albania and was promptly recalled. And about the same time a prominent army officer was disciplined by the administration.

Is it wise to make our representa-

tives keep their mouths shut? Isn't it better not to reprimand them, and let them talk as much as they please? If the fact is advertised that no representative of our government will be allowed to talk, a very valuable guide to the fitness of these representatives will be curtailed. Stupid and tactless

men, appointed to office, will continue to remain there just because there is no opportunity given us to discover what asses they are.

A good man knows when to hold his tongue. He needs no rule. The others should be encouraged to reveal themselves.



· LIFE ·





EUGENICS

PAUL GOULD

She (after seeing her literary fiancé in a bathing-suit for the first time): FOR GOODNESS SAKE, HENRY, SAY SOMETHING BRILLIANT!

Tit for Tat

PROFESSOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO, who writes such interesting history, is not particularly flattering to this country in his latest book, "Ancient Rome and Modern America" (Putnam's). He thinks that America is corrupting Europe by its commercialism.

"The most evident proof of this triumph of American progress is the decadence or disappearance of all schools of art. . . . The wealthy classes of Europe to-day consider it much more dignified and elegant to build motor-cars and aeroplanes than to help painting and sculpture. . . . The Americanization of Europe, then, is a fatal phenomenon."

On the other hand, would not this distinguished historian be willing to admit that according to the law of compensation the Europeanization of America is now going on?

They are exchanging their emigrants for our commercialism. They furnish us with problems. We furnish them with inventions. We rob them of their sense of art. They rob us of our Puritan virtue.

The Ballad of Lost Ships

RIVEN and battered,
Beaten and scattered,
Vessels that started so valiantly forth—
Ancient and weary,
Ragged and dreary,
Driven by whirlwinds to south and to north.

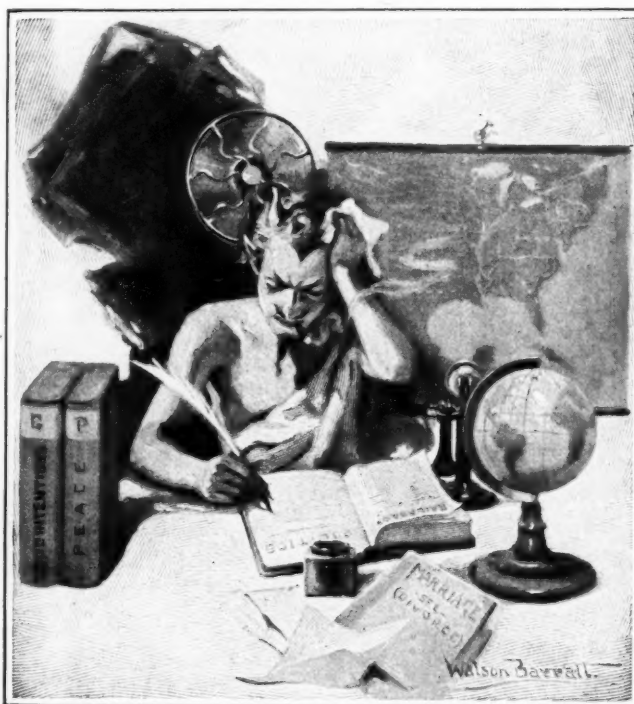
All your devotion
To the great ocean
Given and granted in pure heritage—
What has it brought you;
What has it taught you?
Only the might of the sea's deadly rage!

Gallant and daring,
Braving and faring,
With your own ship-bells a-ringing your knell—
On to your fruiting,
We stand saluting,
Heroes and victims, all hail and farewell!

Leolyn Louise Everett.

Eugenic Note

A GENERATION of tight-skirted mothers means a generation of pigeon-toed daughters.



ONE WHO NEVER TAKES A VACATION



TRIALS OF A HANDSOME MAN
HE SAYS HE HAD TO FLEE FOR HIS LIFE AT OSTEND

Thinking Women

VOTES
FOR
WOMEN



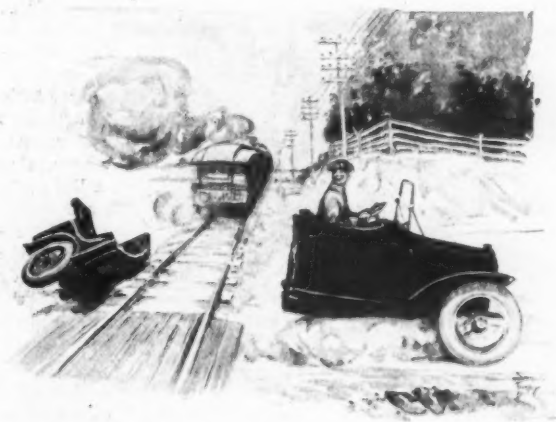
SUFFRAGISTS tell us that "women have begun to think", and accordingly want the vote. There is no difficulty in flinging forth a paean of joy that anyone has begun to think. The hardest part of all thinking is the beginning. Having once earnestly begun, it is hard to stop.

But why, after supposedly remaining thoughtless all these eons, does woman start off her thinking by thinking about the vote? Why not think about something that will stand a little thinking about? Not only is there very little to think about a vote, but also there is very little to think about a mere want. A child can desire the moon very militantly without being anything but thoughtless.

For our part, if women are to do any smashing at all, they would be justified in using that method to resent the implication that they cannot think unless they think about a vote. This old world has been wagging along a considerable spell with women playing a part that required

a good deal of thought, but when we read of the suffragettes, it looks, not as if they had begun to think, but they had begun to quit thinking.

E. O. J.



Optimist: OH, WELL! HALF A CAR IS BETTER THAN NONE

The Latest Books

Shaw's Last

JUST as there are tricks in all trades, so there are prides that go with all predicaments. This is one of Nature's compensations. We could not get along otherwise. And the peculiar and persistent pride that belongs to people who find themselves in the predicament of having children to bring up, is that they arrogantly believe themselves to be better posted on the proper methods of parental procedure than are the only people who have the least chance of knowing anything about the matter—namely, the childless.

Of course to all unbiased observers the fallacy of their position is obvious. Those who marry young and have large families are so busy learning the practical lesson of how children treat parents, that they have neither leisure nor strength left for considering the more abstract question of their own ideal attitude as the supposed controllers of the situation. Whereas any observant celibate with a decently widespread and reasonably intimate acquaintance among the married must have a singularly non-deductive mental make-up if he does not end by becoming something of an expert on hypothetical parenthood.

Some day, no doubt, matters will be so arranged that all children will be eugenically born of intellectually celibate couples and will be properly trained by married bachelors and old-maid mothers who are conscious of no relation to them. But for the present we are unfortunately faced by a complete deadlock wherein parents continue to furnish terrible examples to leisured lookers-on, but are estopped by that very pride which saves them from despair from profiting by the wisdom they induce in the unwed. And this being the case, one can not conscientiously recommend George Bernard Shaw's latest volume—"Misalliance, the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, and Fanny's First Play; with a Treatise on Parents and Children" (Brentano's, \$1.25)—except to such readers as have ceased to be children without becoming fathers or mothers, and to those others who have ceased to be, engrossedly, fathers and mothers without as yet becoming children for the second time.

The present volume contains a typical variety of prefaces and plays. And, as with the chicken and the egg, so, as between the Shaw play and the Shaw preface, the matter of critical precedence has never been satisfactorily settled. Is the preface an exegesis of the play? Or is the play an exemplification of the preface? We can not tell. But—again as with the chicken and the egg—it doesn't matter, since both, just as they are, lend themselves to so many uses. Beginners generally scramble Shaw's prefaces. Many professionals poach them. And Americans are only gradually learning that they are delicious just eaten from the shell with a little salt. As for the plays, they are usually roasted. But smothering makes them succulent, and they are sometimes served "*suprême*". In the new volume, "*Misalliance*" deals with "the family", and rings the changes in the familiar Shavian comedy manner upon the unmasking of the hypocrisies and apparent mutual ignorances so carefully maintained between the generations. It was written in 1910 and has never been produced. In other words, it is in process of being "smothered" and will doubtless come out tender and spring-chicken-like some time during the next decade. "*Fanny's First Play*" we all know. The treatise on "*Parents and Children*" is a commentary that runs amusingly amuck through the themes dealt with in



ADVICE TO SWIMMING TEACHERS
KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR WORK

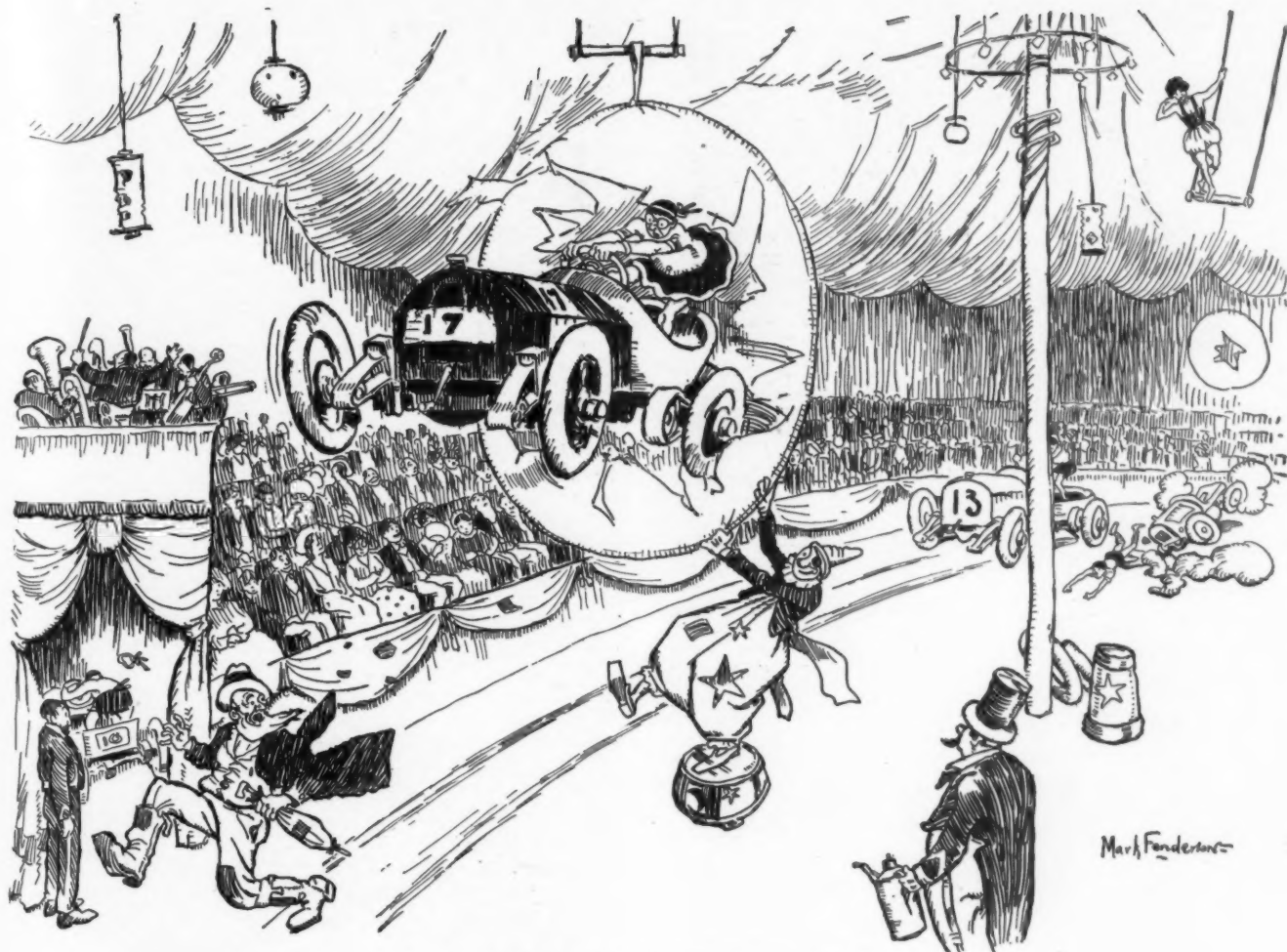
both of these. As for "*The Dark Lady of the Sonnets*", it is a skit written for and produced at a National Theatre project benefit in 1910, and beyond the pleasing conceit of showing us Shakespeare in the act of gleaning some of his most celebrated phrases from the unconscious lips of those around him, is here little more than a hook from which is hung a delightful Shakespearean essay.

Certain disqualifications for enjoying this book have already been hinted at, but a further word of warning is possibly needed. Shaw is ptomaine to the literal-minded. To the intellectual eclectic his writings are caviar—incidentally a food, but primarily an appetizer. One heralds the publication of a new book of his, therefore, not so much with general urgings to partake as by way of a special notification that he is in season.

J. B. Kerfoot.



PANAMA TOLL



"NO! CIRCUSES ARE NOT WHAT THEY USED TO BE"

Confidential Book Guide

The Art of Spiritual Harmony, by Wassily Kandinsky. Post-impressionism explained by one of the movement's leaders.

Burbury Stoke, by William John Hopkins. A sauntersome novel by the author of "The Clammer".

Chance in Chains, by Guy Thorne. Breaking the bank by wireless. A pipe-dream of Monte Carlo.

The Conquest of the Tropics, by Frederick Upham Adams. The story of the United Fruit Company. The first volume of a series on the Romance of Big Business.

Dodo's Daughter, by E. F. Benson. A long-delayed encore to a once-popular novel.

Dreams, by Henri Bergson. An interesting ten-year-old essay by the French

philosopher on the psychological mechanism of dreaming.

Five Plays, by Lord Dunsany. Curtain-raisers by an Irish prose poet.

Florian Mayr, by Ernst von Wolzogen. An amusing novel, well known in the original German, dealing with the musical entourage of Liszt.

Love and the Soul-Maker, by Mary Austin. A frontal attack on a metaphysical position that can only be carried by a flank movement.

Misalliance, the Dark Lady of the Sonnets and Fanny's First Play, by George Bernard Shaw. See preceding page.

Penrod, by Booth Tarkington. The entertaining history of a young gentleman from Indiana.

The Precipice, by Elia W. Peattie. The interesting story of a modern girl in a progressive Chicago setting.

The Marryers, by Irving Batcheller.

An old-timey satire on would-be up-to-the-minute Americans.

The Price of Love, by Arnold Bennett. A quasi-detective story containing some finely drawn characters.

Quick Action, by Robert W. Chambers. Short stories with a stick in them about love at first sight.

The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists, by Robert Tressall. The truth about the laboring classes told with unconscious art by an English workman.

The Salamander, by Owen Johnson. The feminine free-lance colony in New York painted in aniline colors.

The Titan, by Theodore Dreiser. The finish of the story begun in "The Financier". A striking study of American evolution.

What Will People Say? by Rupert Hughes. A brilliant picture of contemporary New York.



The Dog: WHAT IS YOUR OBJECTION TO ASSOCIATING WITH ME?
"YOU'RE IN TRADE."



PICTURE OF A MAN TRYING TO HOLD AN UMBRELLA TO SUIT HIS WIFE

Best People: The Prohibitionists

WHY do the Prohibitionists imagine a vain thing? Why do they imagine that they can abolish the use of alcoholic fluids as beverages? Why do they imagine that it is sinful to drink alcoholic beverages—wine, beer, spirits? It is not sinful, *per se*, and the Prohibitionists cannot make it so.

Drink is a common factor in the production of criminals and insanity. People with defective nerves are apt to take to drink, and it undoubtedly facilitates their progress to the asylums, the prisons and the bow-wows. The Prohibitionists argue from that that alcoholic drinks are universally pernicious, and try and keep trying, with more or less appearance of success, to abolish them all. But the appearance of success is fallacious. They do not succeed, and when they seem to succeed their success in most cases costs more than it is worth. In so far as they drive wine, beer and decent spirits out of use, the place of these stimulants is taken in part by poisonous decoctions of alcohol and by patent medicines and "dopes" which raise hob with their consumers. Besides that, such enforcement of prohibitory law as can be had induces secret and disreputable drinking, evasion of the law and other indirect results that injure public character. When drinking is unlawful and illicit, it is a great deal worse in its results than when it is open. Everyone knows that.

THIS world that we live in just now is not a lazy-world. It needs to be more lazy rather than less. The people who try to use scientific tests to prove the inexpediency of rum are fond of proving by elaborate experiments that it does not promote efficiency, and that a man with so many fingers of spirits or so much beer in him does not work as well as if he had had no alcohol.

Of course he doesn't. The alcoholic beverages are not good to work on, but help a little to stop work. They



DOLLS

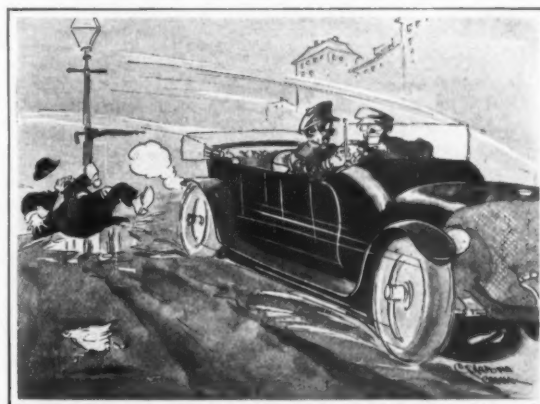


"GEE! I WONDER IF THERE'S ANY MONEY IN POETRY!"

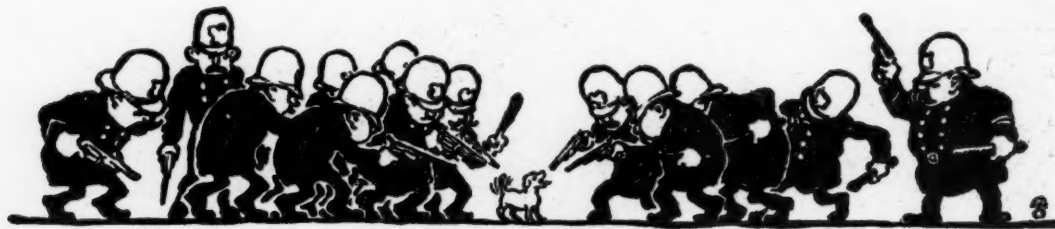
help to make talk, and talk is valuable, especially with meals. They belong chiefly to the social and recreative side of life, and to prove that they don't increase efficiency is nothing to the point. The experts help us very little with the rum problem. The alienists and neurologists met at Chicago in July and resolved that, "Whereas, alcohol acts as a definite poison to the brain and other tissues . . . we unqualifiedly condemn the use of alcoholic beverages and recommend State legislatures to eliminate such use." And having so resolved, they went out, no doubt, to dinner and proceeded, presumably, to poison their brains and other tissues with cocktails, claret, champagne, rye, Scotch and whatever else doctors drink when they get together.

There may be alienists who are teetotalers, but they are rare. Teetotalers are scarce among the abler practitioners in all the professions except the ministry. The ministers have been in great measure dragooned into abstinence, but

(Continued on page 318.)



Neophyte (to instructor): DID I DO THAT CORRECTLY?



THE LAST ROUND-UP

"ONE MORE VOLLEY AND NEW YORK WILL BE A SAFE PLACE TO LIVE IN"

This picture appeared originally in LIFE of September 17, 1908.

We reprint it now as it is always suitable to the mad (?) dog season.



"DID YOU RING FOR WATER, SIR?"

"RING FOR WATER, SAH! NO, SAH! WHY SHOULD I RING FOR WATER? THIS ROOM ISN'T ON FIRE, IS IT?"

"Take-It-Back Day"

TO the town of Carmen, Oklahoma, belongs the high honor—an honor which we trust will more and more come to be recognized as such—of appointing an annual "Take-It-Back Day". Upon this day all borrowers and purloiners, both young and old, both great and small, are to examine carefully of their goods and chattels, selecting therefrom with scrupulous accuracy everything of which they are not rightfully seized and returning it to its rightful owner. Amen.

Can it be possible that, as we journey onward toward the light, this splendid example will fire the rest of us with the zeal to go and do likewise?

We could wish, of course, that Carmen were a little bit larger, thus making its example more valuable. It contains less than five thousand inhabitants, and therefore

could present at such a ceremony nothing like the difficulties to be found in a great financial center like New York. If our railroad fiscalizers and trust kings undertook to return to the widows and orphans from all parts of the world the savings they have fished away from them, it would be a tremendous job, albeit none the less worth trying on that account.

Let "Take-It-Back-Day" be a national institution, and let us observe it in letter and in spirit.

E. O. J.



Poor Little Rich Boy: WHY DIDN'T YE GET COCOANUT CAKE?
I'M SICK O' THAT OLD CHOCOLATE STUFF



Those Who Make War: NO, NOT US! TAKE THEM!
(This picture appeared originally in LIFE of December 14, 1911.)

All's Well That Ends Well

IT having been discovered that by closing up the Stock Exchange things went on about as before, the question naturally arose as to what ought to be done about it.

Some were for a conservative policy and thought that the butcher, grocer, barber and clothing shops should still remain open.

Others were more radical and explained, almost intellectually, that if these latter places were permitted to remain open it might, in the long run and, as it were, permanently, convey the undoubted impression that the Stock Exchange as a means of keeping body and soul together was not an absolute necessity.

Others pointed out with fine patriotism that if the brokers remained idle too long several first-class tailors would have to suspend and thus a financial crisis would be precipitated.

Fortunately, at this moment the government came to the rescue with a new currency printed in attractive colors never before used. Thus the people were amused and quieted, and, there being nothing in the baseball or moving-picture industry to cause unrest, sober second thought came as the panacea in the right place.

Easy War Terms

NEUTRAL TERRITORY—Convenient spots on the map to quarter your troops at the expense of the spots.

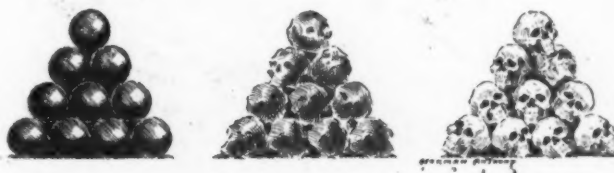
PRE-DREADNOUGHT—A warship built day before yesterday.

ULTIMATUM—Keeping the other man waiting while you complete the finishing touches.

MOBILIZATIONS—Wholesale death notices served in advance to friends and neighbors.

MACHINE GUN—Labor-saving killing device.

MARITIME SUPREMACY—The prize awarded to the most successful murderer.



EVOLUTION OF A CANNON BALL



In Spite of Himself

In Denver they tell of a young Britisher who will some day inherit a title, and who not long ago married the daughter of a supposedly wealthy man of that town.

A month or so after the marriage the father-in-law took the husband aside. "I am ruined!" he exclaimed. "Practically every cent is gone!"

The Briton was a good loser, however, for he gave vent to a long, low whistle, and exclaimed with a little laugh:

"By George! Then I did marry for love, after all."—*Harper's Magazine*.

New Honor for Cyclops

Some time ago the teacher in a public school was giving a talk on classic mythology. Little Willie was not very attentive, and when it came to the questioning part of the game he was lost in the wilderness. "Willie," said the teacher, closing the book and looking impressively at the youngster, "can you tell me who Cyclops was?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the prompt answer of Willie. "He was the feller what wrote the cyclopedia."

—*Kansas City Star*.

No Wonder

"I used to go to the theatre just as a tired business man would."

"Why did you give it up?"

"I found that it was the plays that were making me tired."—*Times*.



A RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

In Kansas City

In Kansas City they love to tell of a certain wealthy meat-packer, who never loses an opportunity to impress upon visitors to his house the great extent of his riches.

He was showing a caller from the East through his palatial mansion on one occasion when they stopped before a handsome plate-glass mirror, of massive size, above the fireplace in the drawing-room.

"Do you see that mirror?" asked the packer. "It cost me just ten thousand dollars."

"Heavens!" exclaimed the visitor, duly impressed. Then, after a careful examination of the article, he added: "But what a pity it is scratched!"

"Yes," said the packer carelessly. Then, turning to his wife, he said: "Mary, perhaps you'd better not let the children have any more diamonds to play with."—*Lippincott's*.

Wise Cowardice

The altitude record for frankness is held by a successful London business man who lately retired at the age of eighty-one. "I attribute whatever success I have had," he says, "to my cowardice. I always feared to wade in so deep that it was difficult to wade out."

—*The Masses*.

Clearly Impossible

"Feyther," said little Mickey, "wasn't it Pathrick Hinry that said, 'Let us have peace'?"

"Niver!" said old Mickey. "Nobody be th' name of Pathrick iver said annything loike thot."

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

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THE FAMILY FEATURES



The Greatest Motor Car Value Ever Offered

NOW, with pride, we announce our latest car—Model 80—the greatest value this factory has ever placed on the market.

Model 80 has a brand-new stream-line body. Its full sweeping stream-lines blend and harmonize perfectly with the balance of the symmetrical design. All visible lines are absolutely clean, unbroken and uninterrupted.

The new crowned moulded fenders, new rounded radiator, new hood slightly sloped, and flush U doors with disappearing hinges, contribute the additional touches of exterior grace and modishness which distinguish costly imported cars.

The new tonneau is much larger—both in width and in depth.

The new cushioned upholstery is also considerably deeper and softer.

This model is equipped with the finest electric starting and electric lighting system. All

switches, in a compact switch box, are conveniently located on the steering column. Thus, in the driving position, without

stretching forward or bending down, you start the car, drive the car and control the electric horn and all head, side, tail and dash lights.

This car has left-hand drive and center control.

The tires are larger this year, being 34 inch by 4 inch all around. These tires can be quickly detached from the rims which are demountable. One extra rim furnished.

Ignition is high tension magneto, independent of starting and lighting system. It requires no dry cells.

This new Overland rides with remarkable smoothness, taking the ruts and rough spots with the ease of the highest priced cars.

There is the famous, powerful, speedy, snappy, economical and quiet 35 horsepower Overland motor; and a long wheelbase of 114 inches.

This car comes complete. Electric starter, electric lights, built-in windshield, mohair top and boot, extra rim, jeweled magnetic speedometer, electric horn, robe rail, foot rest and curtain box.

This new model is ready for your inspection in practically every city and town in the country.

Dealers are now taking orders. Make arrangements now for your demonstration.

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Spring, rear, 3-4 elliptic, extra
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OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Maude Muller Up to Date

Maude Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.
And as she raked, in the early morn,
She heard the honk of a Claxton horn.
Anon there drifted on the scene
A car, propelled by gasoline.
The Judge rode up in his motor-car
And said to Maude: "Ah, there you
are!"
He killed his engine, in the shade
Of the apple tree, to chin the maid.
He spoke of the mileage on his tires,
As is the way of all good liars.
He said his car was quite the best
And had the edge on all the rest.
He invited Maude to take a ride,
And, nothing loath, she jumped inside.
The Judge, from a purling brooklet
drank,
And forthwith started in to crank.
He cranked and cranked till his arm was
sore,
Then started in and cranked some more.
He cranked and cranked till he reeked
with sweat,
And cranked till after the sun had set.
He cranked away with a right good will,
And the chances are he is cranking still.
And of all devices with which we're
cursed,
The auto crank is about the worst.
—Woman's National Weekly.

"Capewell" Horse Nails

are half again as strong as any other brand. Smaller sizes, therefore, will hold a shoe securely. Big nails break down too much tissue, which tends to weaken the hoof. Ask your shoer to use "Capewell" nails. On the market many years. They lead.

Best nail at a fair price — not cheapest regardless of quality.



CHAUFFEURS-OWNERS-BEGINNERS Send FREE copy of the new Instructive, Technical Auto Magazine, contains 40 illustrated pages of valuable information. THE AMERICAN CHAUFFEUR, 619 Butler Bld. Cincinnati, O.

SEASHORE ESTATE FOR SALE

One of the most picturesque estates in New England, located 50 minutes from Boston, on North Shore overlooking ocean. About 100 acres; splendid trees; historic house of 15 rooms, modernized; also two cottages. Price \$30,000; convenient terms. No agents. Address, A. A. B., 48 Cutting Street, Winchester, Mass.

Jack Explains

"You see the motor had too much oil. When she got heated up we smoked like a volcano. If Joe hadn't been close behind with his little wire rope we would still be playing Vesuvius."

Basline Autowline

"The Little Steel Rope With The Big Pull" has turned many an uncomfortable wait into a safe and easy tow home. It's "tow home" insurance. Makes you certain of "getting there" when nothing else will. About 25 feet, 3/4-inch flexible Yellow Strand wire rope. Far better than a bulky manila rope. Weighs less and takes less room. All supply dealers have it. Price, east of Rocky Mountains, \$3.95.

FREE: Illustrated Autowline circular. Write for it.

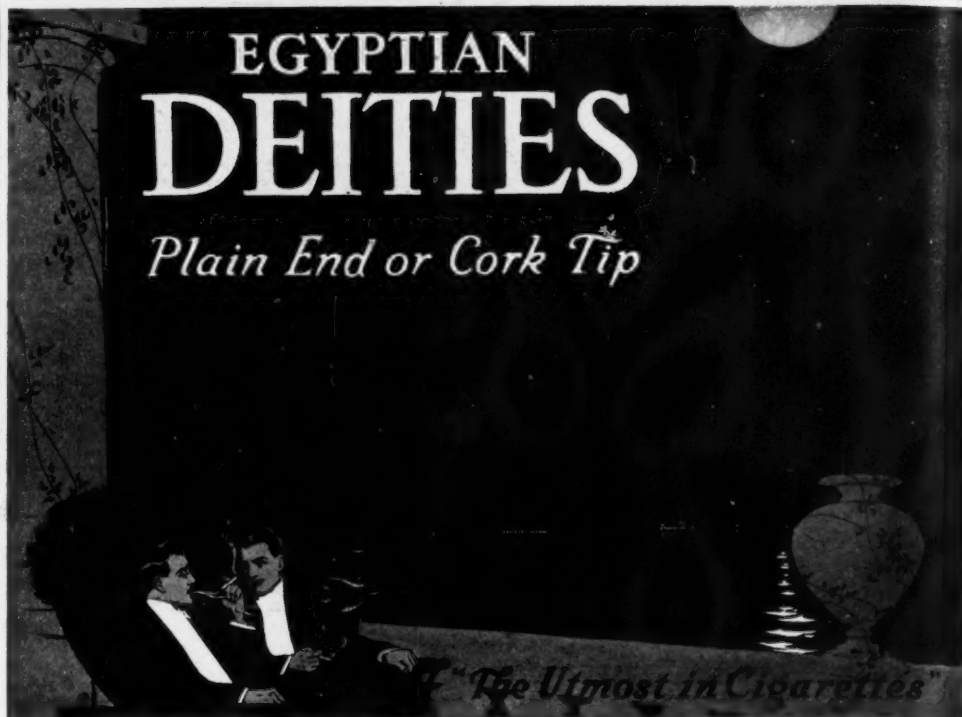
Broderick & Bascom Rope Co.

809 N. 2nd Street, St. Louis, Mo. New York Office, 100, Warren Street
Manufacturers of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

Plain End or Cork Tip



A Proud Boast

A teachers' meeting was in progress, and it was decided that the more difficult subjects should come in the morning, and those that required less application later in the day. History was last on the list, and Miss Wheeler, the young teacher, protested.

"But it certainly is easier than science or mathematics," the principal insisted.

"As I teach it," replied the young teacher, "no subject could be more difficult and confusing."—Lippincott's.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ETHEL: Do you really believe the pen is mightier than the sword?

JACK: Well, you never saw anybody sign a check with a sword, did you?

—Livingston Lance.

Comfort Without Extravagance Hotel Woodstock, New York

MR. BOREM: Shall we talk or dance?
MISS WEEREIGH: I'm very tired. Let us dance.—Boston Transcript.



"WHIST, PAT! WOULD YEZ FALL ON HIS RIV'RINCE?"



"HELP!"

Two Reasons

Some men wonder why the people object to being vaccinated. Here are two reasons: A man was arrested in Philadelphia for begging. He was a workman who was caught in the health board's dragnet, pulled by an army of the police and vaccinated. He had been unable to work since and was out of money. The other reason was another workman at Niagara Falls. He was told to be vaccinated or lose his job. He was vaccinated, but lost his job just the same, for he died from the effects.—*Homeopathic Envoy*.

"Safety First"

An Accident Policy will only yield you monetary consolation. It will not prevent injury or loss of life. If you use a motor-car or a motor-boat you want protection, not a policy. This you will get by equipping your craft or car with a

"JASCO TANK"

the drawn steel, seamless, leakless, tinned and tested gasoline receptacle that positively cannot leak. It will remove for all time the danger of fire or explosion due to leaking fuel.

"Jasco Tanks" are made in all styles and sizes. At your dealer's or write to us direct.

JANNEY, STEINMETZ & CO.

Main Office: Philadelphia
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Terminal Building



Panama-Pacific Exposition

SAN FRANCISCO 1915

To Lease—Several high-class completely furnished residences with view of Exposition. Apply

HALDWIN & HOWELL, 318 KEARNY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

Elgin Wonder Tales



LORD ELGIN
The Masterwatch.
\$135 to \$385



LADY ELGIN

A Dainty Timekeeper—pendant and bracelet. A wide range of prices.

B. W. RAYMOND

The Railroad Man's Watch.
\$30 to \$32.50

G. M. WHEELER

The Foremost Medium Priced Watch. \$50 to \$25

TO FRATERNAL ORDERS

Elgin Watches are most appropriate for presentation as tokens of esteem. Upon request, we will be glad to send a number of suitable watches to your local jeweler, from which you can select.

How an Elgin Stood By a Globe Trotter.

"THIRTEEN years ago I bought an Elgin Watch. It has been in continual use—never has stopped—and has kept perfect time. It has stood 25 below zero, has run equally well in a temperature of 114 degrees in Australia, and been unaffected by months of sea voyages. It has been dropped on the pavements of London, and been trodden on by a caribao in the interior of the Philippine Islands—yet was never hurt."

(EXTRACT FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER'S LETTER.)

Such triumphs add force to our assertions that

ELGIN Watches

both for men and women, are supreme as time-keepers, loyal life-companions and mechanical masterpieces, and that their use is world-wide.

Write for booklet.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN ILLINOIS



Words Wanted

WANTED—Word to take the place of "fiscal". Owing to recent developments of an extraordinarily rapid, complete and convincing nature, this erstwhile honorable verbal symbol has sunk into such disrepute that respectable operators will hardly speak to it on the street. Many upright corporations are actually beginning to be afraid to have a fiscal year. Must have a substitute instant. Something without a tinge or a taint of suspicion. Must connote only the highest ideals and the most unswerving devotion to the common weal. Should be euphonious and rhythmic, with a sufficient mystical element to command the continued reverence of *hoi polloi*. No ordinary word need apply. Successful applicant is assured of steady employment and position of great dignity and unprecedented affluence. Complete references, pedigree and etymology required. Address Lexicographer, Diction Heights, Definityville.



We're making automobile tires, not promises. You know as well as we do that some day any tire will wear out. But to put that day off as far as possible we're making Kelly-Springfield Tubes and Tires of real rubber, by hand.



**Kelly-Springfield
Tire Company**

**Cor. Broadway and
57th Street, N. Y.**

Branch offices in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Detroit, Cincinnati, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Cleveland, Seattle, Atlanta, Akron, O.

The Hearn Tire & Rubber Co., Columbus, O.
Bering Tire & Rubber Co., Houston, Texas
Boss Rubber Co., Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo

The Olmsted Co., Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.
South'n Hdwe. & Woodstock Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La.

L. J. Barth, Rochester, N. Y.
Seifert & Baine, Newark, N. J.
Atkinson Tire & Supply Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
Central Rubber & Supply Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
C. D. Franke & Co., Charleston, S. C.
K. & S. Auto Tire Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.
Todd Rubber Co., New Haven, Conn.
Barnard & Michael, Buffalo, N. Y.



THE ORIGINAL RUBBER-NECK WAGON

Best People: The Prohibitionists

(Continued from page 311.)

among lawyers, doctors, engineers, architects, painters, bankers, musicians, and in all of what we call the higher walks of life, teetotalers are very few. Ninety-five out of every hundred of them poison their brains and other tissues very regularly with a little rum of some kind. Most of them are very temperate. The abler men are usually sound in the nerves, and most of them have no trouble about self-control in drinking. Nearly all of them drink a little, and demonstrate by their example that the extreme theories about the harmfulness of intoxicants are not justified.

THEY drink a great deal less than they did a century ago. Intelligent people are careful what they drink nowadays, and usually are very abstemious. The increase of knowledge about alcohol has operated to reduce the dose, but it is not operating to reject alcoholic beverages altogether. That is what the Prohibitionists believe in and want to do, but they will not succeed, and where they win for a time, their success will breed so much evil—so much irritation, so much "dope", so much law-breaking and demoralization of character and politics—that reaction will follow and the lid will come off again. Their principle is wrong. They are trying to impose upon the sane and the competent limitations of liberty suited only to the irresponsible and crazy. They can regulate the liquor traffic, probably to advantage; they can teach that alcohol is a dangerous element in beverages, and that is true; they can teach that four-fifths of the people are better off without any intoxicants at all than with such as they can get in this country, and that is probably true. But they cannot abolish the liquor traffic altogether nor detach alcohol from civilization. The dream of a world where the ignorant, the self-indulgent and the brutish will be safe from temptation will never come true, and if it did, such a world would perish by the redundancy of the unfit.

Rum as at present used and abused is an enormous evil, but the way to cure it is not by abolition. You cannot make the world good by turning it into a jail. You can keep whiskey out of Sing Sing, but opium and cocaine get in. So they do in the prohibition States. One devil being driven out, seven move in.

THE rum problem is a hard problem. The great cure for it is the training of people who can take care of themselves. The mechanisms of this

THE COMFORTABLE LIFE

for men and women alike means living free from the annoyance and unsightliness of disagreeable, unhealthy fat. Reducing your fat means not only better health, but vastly improved appearance as well. You can rid yourself of superfluous fat easily, hygienically, safely, with

Dr. Jeanne Walter's

Famous Medicated

Rubber Garments



By inducing perspiration these garments cause the safe and speedy reduction of all unnecessary flesh. They cover the entire body or any part. They are endorsed by leading physicians.

BUST REDUCER, \$5
as illustrated

Made of Dr. Walter's famous flesh-reducing rubber with cotton back.

The reducing qualities of this garment are remarkable, at the same time it gives added comfort and style.

Neck and Chin Reducers, \$3 Chin Reducers only, \$2
Wrinkle Eradicator or Frown Band, \$2.

Also Union Suits, Stockings, Jackets, etc., for the purpose of reducing the flesh anywhere desired. Invaluable to those suffering from rheumatism.

Rubber Elastic Webbing "Slip-Ons" \$8 up. Rubber Elastic Webbing "Slip-Overs" \$6 up.

Write at once for further particulars

Dr. JEANNE WALTER, Dept. U, 45 West 34th St., NEW YORK
Inventor and Patentee

mechanical age make for abstemiousness, for they cannot be handled safely by muddled brains. Business competition makes for temperance. Men who are not safe in the presence of alcohol cannot hold good jobs. But where the strains of mechanical work or of business competition are excessive, that makes for alcoholism, because exhausted men drink, and that kind of drinking is dangerous.

The best substitute for alcohol is tea. As a temporary expedient in limited localities where the proportion of irresponsibles is large, prohibition may do good, but as a general remedy for rum it is a sure failure.

E. S. Martin.

Barnacles

FRESH water is not good for barnacles, and this fact being recognized, vessels passing through the Panama Canal will be permitted to be in fresh water long enough to permit all the barnacles upon them to be removed.

An admirable courtesy. Why not try it on ships of state?



EVETTE—HOUBIGANT

Newly created by Houbigant, Paris—the master perfumer. Pronounced and languorous—alluring and refined. Your perfumer has it or will get it for you.

Send for Small Sample Bottle, 20c
PARK & TILFORD, Agents, NEW YORK

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

LIFE

in the annoy-
ful fat. Re-
a, but vastly
self of super-

Walter's
arments

ducing pen-
on these ar-
cause the
and speedy re-
of all unnee-
fresh. They
entire body
They are en-
eading physi-

DUCKER, \$5
Walter's famous
rubber with co-
qualities of this
markable, at the
lives added com-

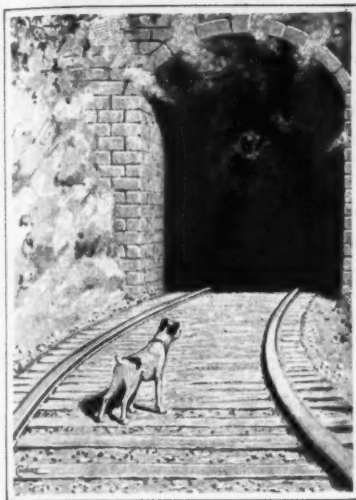
ers only, \$2

\$2.

of reducing the

"Slip-Overs" \$6

, NEW YORK



The Dog: THERE! I'VE CHASED
THAT TRAIN INTO ITS HOLE, AN' I
DARE IT TO COME OUT!

Call It Off, Becky!

JUST in time Miss Davis shut off news from Becky Edelson and her bogus hunger strike, so that we could give all our attention to the European crisis.

It was thoughtful of Miss Davis, and we are grateful.

As for Becky, she had better call at once for a plateful of victuals. All the movie machines are now pointed across the Atlantic Ocean, and the newspapers and bulletin boards are pre-empted by war news. What's the use of cutting up when nobody is looking?

"STRANGE," said the first tramp meditatively, "how few of our youthful dreams ever come true!"

"Oh, I dunno," said his companion; "I remember when I used to dream about wearin' long pants, and now I guess I wear 'em longer than any one else in the country."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Camp Fire

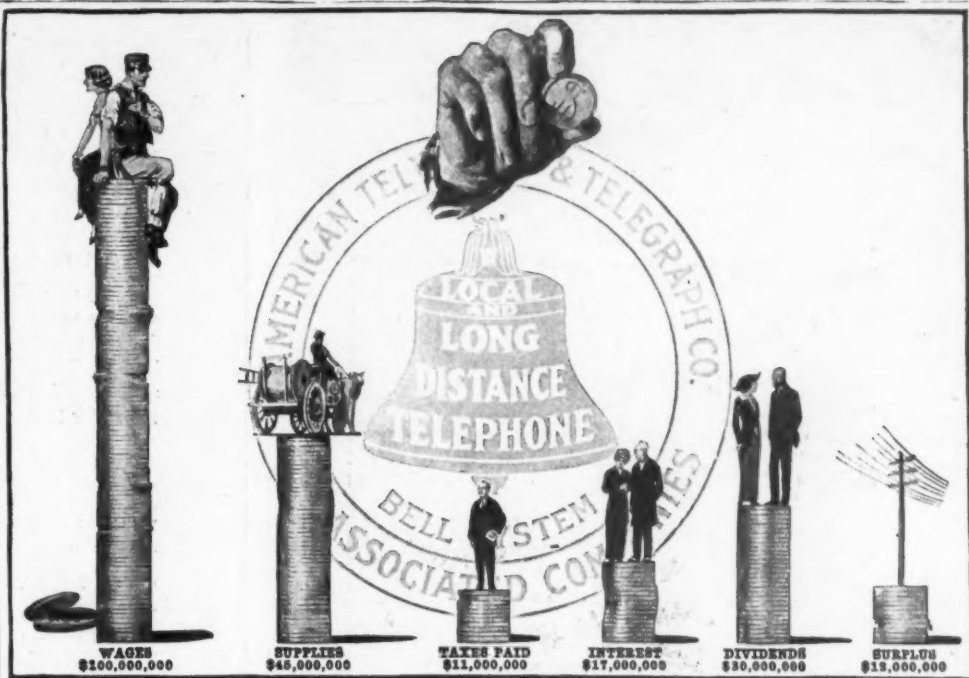
takes on an added charm and halo if there is a supply of

Evans' Ale



to start the thrills, song and stories of the happy circle. Helps to make the happy outing days that cling to memory. Never disappoints.

In Bottles and Splits. All Dealers.



How the Bell System Spends its Money

Every subscriber's telephone represents an actual investment averaging \$153, and the gross average revenue is \$41.75. The total revenue is distributed as follows:

Employees—\$100,000,000

Nearly half the total—\$100,000,000—paid in wages to more than one hundred thousand employees engaged in giving to the public the best and the cheapest telephone service in the world.

For Supplies—\$45,000,000

Paid to merchants, supply dealers and others for materials and apparatus, and for rent, light, heat, traveling, etc.

Tax Collector—\$11,000,000

Taxes of more than \$11,000,000 are paid to the Federal, state and local authorities. The people derive the benefit in better highways, schools and the like.

Bondholders—\$17,000,000

Paid in interest to thousands of men and women, savings banks, insurance companies and other institutions owning bonds and notes.

Stockholders—\$30,000,000

70,000 stockholders, about half of whom are women, receive \$30,000,000.

(These payments to stockholders and bondholders who have put their savings into the telephone business represent 6.05% on the investment.)

Surplus—\$12,000,000

This is invested in telephone plant and equipment, to furnish and keep telephone service always up to the Bell standard.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

Senator Wanted

WANTED—Senator. Desirable position for right party. Must have knack of remembering that the State consists of a public entirely surrounded by interests. Must be young enough to know that the nineteenth century has been thrown into the discard and old enough to know that all centuries are alike in certain fundamentals often loosely grouped under the general heads—life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Must be able to promise many things he can't perform and perform many things he hasn't promised. Must be partisan enough to secure the approval of the professional politicians and non-partisan enough to disregard their selfish wishes. Other divine attributes will also come in handy. Good appearance at public functions and the ability to say nothing at great length and in a polished manner absolutely indispensable. Address New York State, Local.



Jennings

SCRANTON FLOOD SWEEPING AWAY BRIDGE
The result of a July cloudburst which did great damage in the city

Leslie's

Illustrated Weekly Newspaper

WHETHER your time is limited or not, you like to get the news in pictures—vivid, interesting pictures—that tell the story where words fail.

Leslie's is an *illustrated* weekly newspaper.

At all newsstands
10 cents

The Matrimony Route

(Summer Excursions via the Cupid Flyer.)*

Acquaintance Jct.....Lv.June 1.
Friendship Corners.....Ar.June 15.
Romance Village.....Ar.June 30.
Proposal Station.....Ar.July 15.
Nuptial Terminus.....Ar.Aug. 1.
Honeymoon Harbor.....Ar.Aug. 15.
Meatbill Center.....Ar.Sept. 1.

* Stops on signal only. This schedule subject to change without notice. The Railroad Company will not be liable for damages to passengers' hearts, affections or pocket-books. Misplaced illusions may be called for at our Lost and Found Department. Ladies accompanied by more than one husband will be charged excess baggage.

F. D. B.

Easy Payments

EASY payments are, of course, easy to arrange for, but that doesn't warrant us in calling them easy. Nor do we get any such warrant from the fact that, at the time we contract these debts, it looks as if it would be easy to make the payments when they fall due. Of course hope still springs in the human breast. To buy something and see it wear out before your very eyes while the payments continue on and on and on with unabated virility may seem easy to certain rare heroic natures, but there are not enough of these to justify us in spoiling a perfectly good adjective like "easy". Deferred payments, if you will, or weekly payments, or incessant payments, but not easy payments.



PEACE

SNAPSHOT OF AN ENGLISHMAN WHO HAS JUST RECEIVED A
WIRE THAT HIS MILITANT WIFE HAS BEEN SEN-
TENCED TO JAIL FOR THIRTY DAYS



Friendly Advice

WE have no wish to interfere with the business success of ambitious young ladies who seek a prosperous career by the well-known route of getting acquainted with impressionable millionaires, young or old, then suing them for breach of promise, and finally going into vaudeville. It is a business matter pure and simple, and, as there is no law against it, the business is legitimate. To criticize it, therefore, would be to disturb business unnecessarily at a time when many people think that too much has been said already.

It is merely desired in all friendliness to caution these young ladies to be careful. Not only is there a natural limit to the curiosity of the public in matters of this kind, but vaudeville circuits, extensive though they be, can use only a comparatively few of any one particular kind of attraction.

A Boomerang System

"GIVE me back my money!" The man had just entered the office of the great teacher and stood over his desk and looked down at him.

"What's the matter?" almost stammered that gentleman. "Didn't I do as I said? Didn't my book on training your will do the business for you?"

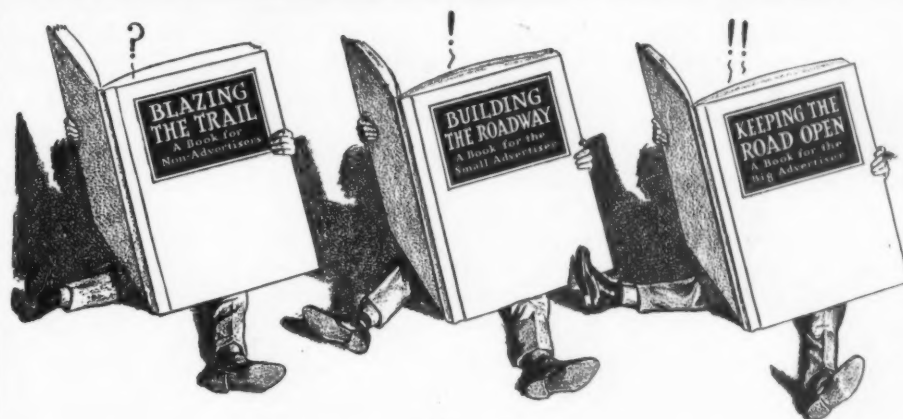
"Didn't it do the business for me!" echoed the other man. "Well, sir, I should say it did! One month ago I was a weak, vacillating creature, with no purpose. My will lay dormant. Under your superb system I practiced four hours a day. Now I dominate my house, my servants, my time, my friends, my business. Hand me back that cash!"

The great teacher handed it back.

"Only one thing I must ask of you, sir," he said, with the light of a just pride in his eyes. "Don't let my other patients know about this. I do my work so well that if you should let this get out there wouldn't be a living in it. They could all dominate me and get their money back."

HOUSEWIFE (to new domestic): There is one thing I wish to say to you. The last girl had a habit of coming into the parlor and playing the piano occasionally. You never play the piano, do you?

NEW DOMESTIC: Yis, mum, I play; but I'll have to charge yer half a crown a week extra if I am to furnish music for the family.—*Liverpool Mercury*.



Just wait till YOU get behind one of these books!

They tell an astonishing story of money that has been wasted!

—of campaigns that have been wrecked!

—of business horse-sense that has been lacking!

They present the whole subject of advertising in a totally new light.

Whether you are now an advertiser or not, you will find information helpful to your business.

These books handle the head of the business—perhaps you—without gloves.

They point out the safe, sane, easily

understandable way to establish advertising on a firm business basis.

In a word, they strip the subject of its "mystery."

Check "A" on coupon if you're a non-advertiser, "B" if you are spending \$35,000 or less on advertising, "C" if you are spending more. One book, whichever fits your needs, will be sent free. If you want more than one, send 25c for each additional copy.

MULTIGRAPH
1810 East Fortieth Street, Cleveland, Ohio

A ☐ B ☐ C ☐

Send booklet (free) checked above, as explained in your advertisement in *Life*, Aug. 20.

Name.....
Address.....
Town and State.....

Attach this coupon to your business letterhead, signing your name and official position, and mail to above address.



Leif Ericsson—The Discoverer of America

THE FIRST WHITE MEN to tread American soil were Leif Ericsson and his sea-dashed Viking crew. This was nearly a thousand years ago, when the Scandinavian peoples ruled the seas and held the secrets of navigation. The history of the fair-haired, liberty-loving sons and daughters of Sweden, Norway and Denmark is rich in song and story. We have millions of these splendid folk in our own land, and wherever the standard of Liberty and Human Progress has been raised they are found in the front rank, bravely fighting for the Right. Better citizens or greater lovers of Personal Liberty are unknown. For centuries our full-blooded Scandinavian brothers have been moderate users of Barley-Malt brews. Who can truthfully say it has injured them in any way? It is the ancient heritage of these peoples to revolt at Prohibitory Laws, and their vote is registered almost to a man against such legislation. For 57 years Scandinavians have been drinkers of the honestly-brewed beers of Anheuser-Busch. They have helped to make their great brand BUDWEISER exceed the sales of any other beer by millions of bottles. Seven thousand, five hundred men, all in all, are daily required to keep pace with the natural public demand for Budweiser.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH-ST. LOUIS, U.S.A.

Bottled only at the home plant.



Budweiser

Means Moderation



No Halfway Measures

DR. GOLDWATER, of the New York Board of Health, has started upon a crusade against all patent medicines, decoctions, drinks and other articles intended to be taken as medicine.

This is laudable, but does it go far enough? And will its purpose be accomplished?

To do it in the right way, Doctor, you should begin by educating the people who buy these medicines and drinks. They are a party to the fraud. And why stop at patent medicines? Why not include those who insist upon vaccination and false operations and various inoculations, most of which, after they have had their brief day, are demonstrated to do more harm than good?



THE SNIPER

Books Received

The Sheep Track, by Nesta H. Webster. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.40 net.)
An Armenian Princess, by Edgar James Banks. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Telling the Truth, by William Hewlett. (Duffield & Co. \$1.25.)

Oscar Wilde and Myself, by Lord Alfred Douglas. (Duffield & Co. \$2.50.)

The Rousing of Parkside, by William Ganson Rose. (Duffield & Co.)

At the Shrine, and Other Poems, by George Herbert Clarke. (Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati, O. \$1.25.)

Children of the Dead End, by Patrick MacGill. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.35.)

Oh, James! by H. M. Edgington. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.30.)

The Vanished Messenger, by E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.30.)

Iceland, by W. S. C. Russell. (R. G. Badger Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.00.)

LATEST "Jolley" CREATION
 A LATE DEBUTANTE — SOCIETY'S LEADER NOW!

"Leading Lady"

PARFUM

CREATED A WONDERFUL SENSATION

ACHIEVED INSTANTANEOUS FAME

PARIS LONDON

Jolley

PARFUMEUR SUPREME

NEW YORK OFFICE 320 FIFTH AVENUE

REGULAR SIZE \$3.00
 TRAVELER SIZE \$2.50
 SAMPLE SIZE \$1.25
 CHATELAIN SIZE 25

Jolley PARFUM ON SALE AT HIGH CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

LIFE

CLEVER COLOR PRINTS

GIFTS FOR FRIENDS OR FOR HOME DECORATION

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



NOT GUILTY

("Most glorious Night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber!")

Price 25 cents

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



WHO DID THAT?

(See the culprit. A stirring war-time picture.)

Price 25 cents

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



AFTER THE BATTLE

("—and all's well.")

Price 25 cents

There is many a good laugh for you
and your friends in this series of clever
prints. Hang them on the wall.

These pictures are printed in FULL
COLOR on fine Bristol Board, size
12 x 16. SEND \$1.50 FOR SET
OF SIX.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



HOW THE RUMOR STARTED

("And all who told it added something
new,
And all who heard it made enlarge-
ments, too.")

Price 25 cents

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



HIS GRANDMOTHER'S FUNERAL

(Never let him deceive you again.)

Price 25 cents

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



TIME TO CAST OFF

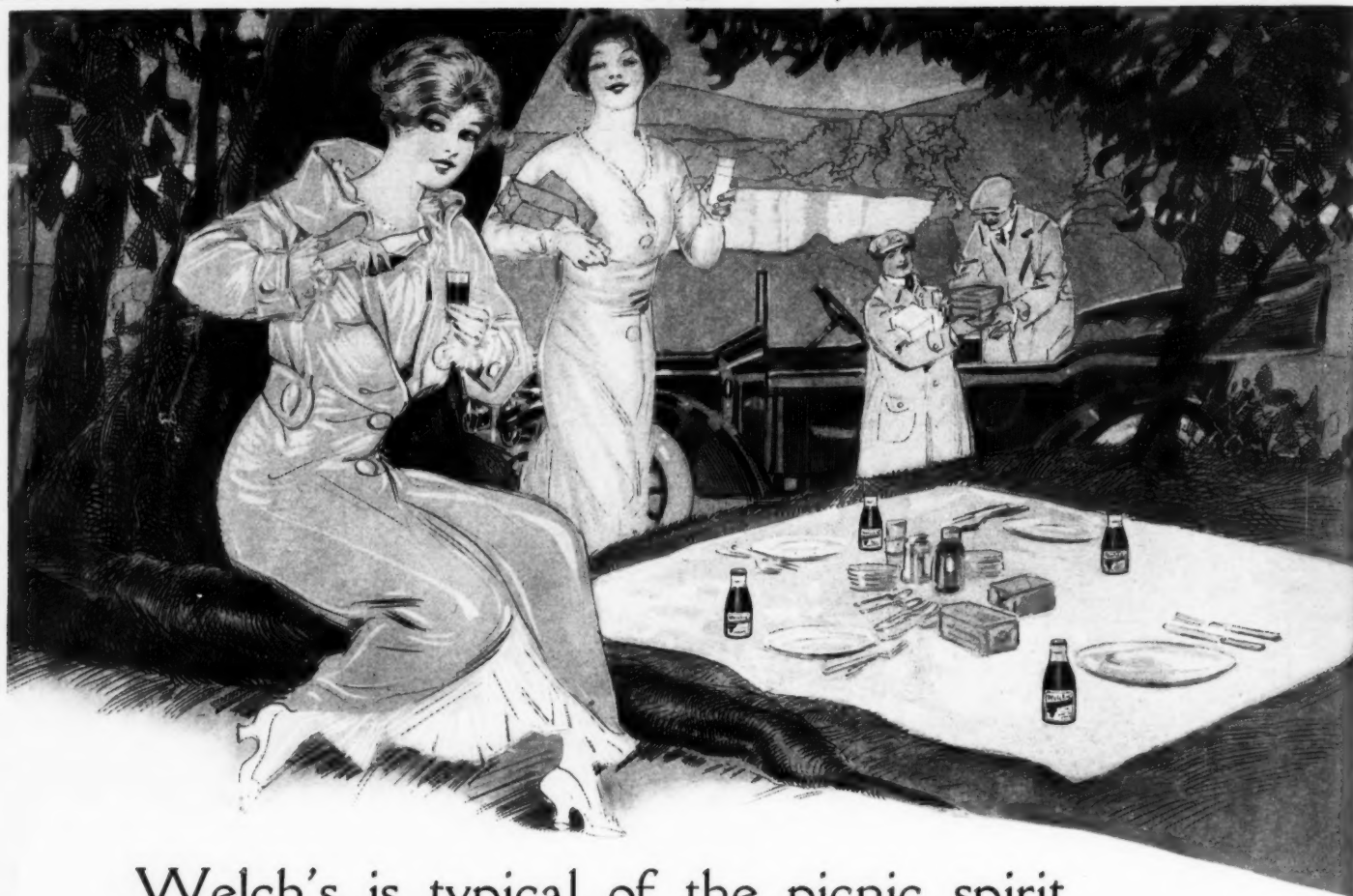
(Why 'sea captains go mad.)

Price 25 cents

Shipped PREPAID on receipt of remittance.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 17 WEST 31ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY

PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER



Welch's is typical of the picnic spirit

The pure unfermented juice of the choicest Concord—more choice this year than ever before—the essence of October vineyards—carrying good cheer and good health in every glass, is the best of outdoor beverages. You cannot but appreciate this when you drink

Welch's

"The National Drink"

The outing in the country, the roadside lunch while touring, the family picnic—all have something "extra" and are made more enjoyable when Welch's is a feature. The individual four-ounce bottles pack closely in the hamper and indicate special forethought.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice"—
say **WELCH'S** and **GET IT!**

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for \$3.00, express prepaid east of Omaha. Sample 4-ounce bottle by mail, 10 cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Company - Westfield, New York

